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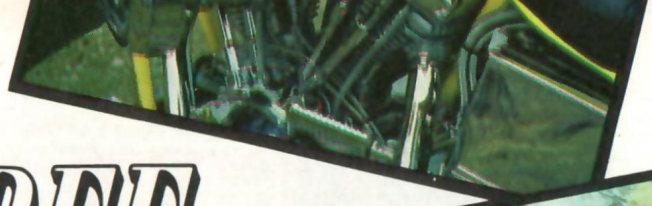

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A coupla times a year we pick out the best flicks our readers have sent us and print em up in a RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION. We appreciate all the stuff ya send in, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. What we want is good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35 mm or 2¼ X 2¼)—nothin else.

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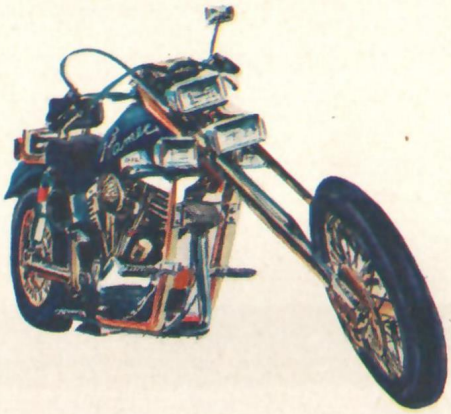
iron horse



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Iron Horse Magazine ISSN: 0195-1165

Iron Horse Magazine ISSN 0195-1165 **VOLUME 12 ISSUE 65 APRIL 87** Iron Horse is published nine times a year, with corporate and editorial offices at 300 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional offices. Copyright © 1987. Nothing may be reproduced without prior written permission of the publisher. Letters to the editors, correspondence concerning editorial content and editorial submissions should be sent to the above editorial address. All rights in letters sent to *Iron Horse* will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to *Iron Horse's* unrestricted right to edit and comment editorially. We welcome art photographs and manuscripts but ask that we be sent exclusive material only. *Iron Horse* will make every effort to take care of unsolicited material but cannot be responsible for damage in the mails, nor does it assume responsibility for returning such material safely. *Subscription:* All complaints and changes of address must be addressed to *Iron Horse*, P.O. Box 1316, N.Y.C. 10116. 12 issues $42 in the United States; $54.00 in Canada

CONTENTS

Back Talk 2
Mouthin Off 5
The Temple Of VROOM! 6
The Liberators 8
Experimental Army (XA) 14
Four for the Road 22
No Motor, But It Runs 39
1946 WR Daytona 40
1913 H-D Boardtracker 51
Kettenkrad Stomper 52
Fiction: The Winter Inside 56
Runnin'Free 58
Looking Back 71
Details, Details 75
Good Time at Glenn's 76
Fiction: Hasty Retreat 80
Panhead Royale 86

Back Talk

Please send your letters, complaints, praises or just raw cash to: Iron Horse, 300 West 43d Street, New York, NY 10036

Top That
☐ Your January issue #63 with that gal Laurie straddling Tattoo Danny's Pan/ Shovel really got me off. She is so fuckin beautiful I'd give my left nut to be able to get next to her. She's the best babe you guys have had in the rag all year. I want to see you try to top her in '87.
RPM, Madison, WI

You shoulda seen us try to top her in '86 ---Ed.

Gettin Short
☐ Listen, have to say I have watched your rag grow better and better over the years and hope you continue to grow. Would appreciate you helping out a downed Bro by printing this in your Back Talk column as I am short now and looking for a good ole lady.

To All For Real & True Outlaw Women!!!
One outlaw man, down for close to 16 years and get out May 87 for certain. Full blooded Italian, 42 years old, long black hair, brown eyes, a full beard & moustache, stand 6'2" and weigh 230 lbs. Am very affectionate, easy going, extremely passionate, have good personality and a decent sense of humor. Been hooked in the wind since I was 16 and straddled my first scoot, an old Indian, have a 65 Pan waiting for me and no old lady at present. If you are a one-man woman, love the wind in your face and a machine throbbing between your legs and can be for real and 100% with your man, we can and will hit it off, we have til May 87 to get to know each other through letters and take it from there when I get out. All who are interested write to:

Michael "Pirate" DiOrio
#74A1851
135 State Street
Auburn, New York 13024-9000.

I will answer all, pictures are appreciated but not important.

Thanks Bro, I appreciate your printing this and wish you continued luck and success with your rag.

— Peace & Freedom, Pirate.

Dipshit
☐ Hey man, I've got a question:

Bad Relations
☐ I usually get your rag at the local store, but they stopped carrying it. They said it was drug related. Can you believe it. What next?
Joe Rone, Bowling Green, KY
P.S. Here's another picture of my 68 Sporty.

Who the fuck cares about some pointless party held in some fuckin New York City nightclub? I really couldn't give a shit. Why don't you print some real life partyin features instead of that "shock the squares" shit?
Greg New, Boswell, NM

It was real life, numbnuts, but I guess you think that WW's fine coverage of the Hun's Run was just a fantasy too, huh? ---Ed.

Thinkin Ahead
☐ Liked your "Lookin Back" section a lot. Makes me wish I could take my paycheck back to 1947 for a day, but then I got to thinkin how maybe all the current H-D stuff will be just as collectable in the year 2027, forty years from now. Guess I'll put a couple of cans of Power Blend aside for posterity.
Shag, Knoxville, Tenn.

Is Bigger Better?
☐ Do you know what, if anything, Harley is going to do about the newest V-Twin ripoffs from Japan? I'm talkin about Suzuki's new 1400 Intruder and Kawasaki's 1500 Vulcan. The Japs built those humongous motors on purpose, just to be bigger than H-D's 1340 cc's. Is Harley going to retaliate with somethin bigger? I hope so, they've been the biggest streetbikes for over 60 years and I'd hate to see the Japs beat em out in sheer cubic inches.
D. Horton, Texarkana, TX

Our advice is, if it bugs ya, stroke your Hog to 120". --- Ed.

The Word from Noodles
☐ I'm currently serving a tour of duty for the US Army in Germany. I've always had an interest in bikers but never had the chance to really get down to some heavy partying with them. Now I've decided to say, "fuck it" and invest in a Hog. From the age of 16 when my brother gave me a beat up old Triumph, I've had a scoot, but now it's time for me to have a good old American Harley and start riding free and happy.

Here in Germany there are a few back alley wannabe groups, but to this day I haven't seen one fuckin Hog. I'll be returning to the States in four fucking months, which, after three years here is gonna seem like next week. Anyway, I was wondering if you would send me some info on any future bike rallys and meets so when I do get back I won't be lost as to what's going on in the scooter world.

I'm originally from Tulsa, OK., and would appreciate knowing what groups ride in that area. One more thing: I really dig your magazine, so keep up the kick ass work.
PFC Noodles Purdom, L-TRP 3/2, Box 65 APO NY 09452

Well, Private Noodles, ya oughta be getting back just in time for Daytona '87, which is as good a place as any to start your H-D education. — Ed.

It Ain't So
☐ What's going on?! Ain't been down that long. Now I've been told there ain't no more biker weddin's, no more biker parties, and to really blow my bubble, the flicks of the chicks in the biker mags are all of models. Least ways, that's what a rice burnin dirter at this lockdown is sayin.

Can't get the facts from my bros, cause the ones with an address have all gotten religion, while the others are in the wind somewhere, and the rest are in Harley Heaven. So I'm turning to the readers of the bike rags. Tell me, show me it it ain't so. Send me the flicks of your parties. Bros, prove this ricer dipshit wrong. Show all of us locked down here that the biker party lives. (Can't for the life of me figure out what this world is comin to if there ain't no puttin or partyin.)

Oh yeah, all you sexy sisters show me what you're made of and keep me posted of the happenin's. I'll be in the wind in two.
John M. Koning D-20578,
CTF-Central G-323,
P.O. Box 689,
Soledad, CA 93960-0689

Attention Ladies
☐ This is an open invitation for someone who's looking for a lasting relationship. I'm looking for a woman, not a girl, that knows what she wants out of life. A person that will be with me now and when I get out of here in twenty-eight months. I'm single and love kids, and want a home life and a wife. I'm 5'10", 165 lbs., brown hair, beard, hazel eyes, and lots of tats. Turned 38 Nov. 6th. All you sweet ladies hurry up and write. I'll answer all letters.
James Redmond, E-Unit, 03277-045,
Box 7000, Texarkana, TX 75501

ARE YA GETTIN' ANY AT HOME?

If ya ain't, ya might think about investin in a sub to the rag. Waddafuck for?

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3. Yer goin to the slam.
4. Yer paper-trainin the dobie.
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6. Ya got better things ta do than look fer the rag.
7. Ya can't talk. Or don wanna.
8. Ya wanna save some bucks off the newsstand price.
9. Ya'd rather fuck than buy a goddamned magazine.
10. Some other stuff

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Do ya own a bike? Make _____ Is it chopped? _____

(Please print yer name and address to avoid errors).

RHONDA JO PETTY
(IRON HORSE covergirl May 1985)

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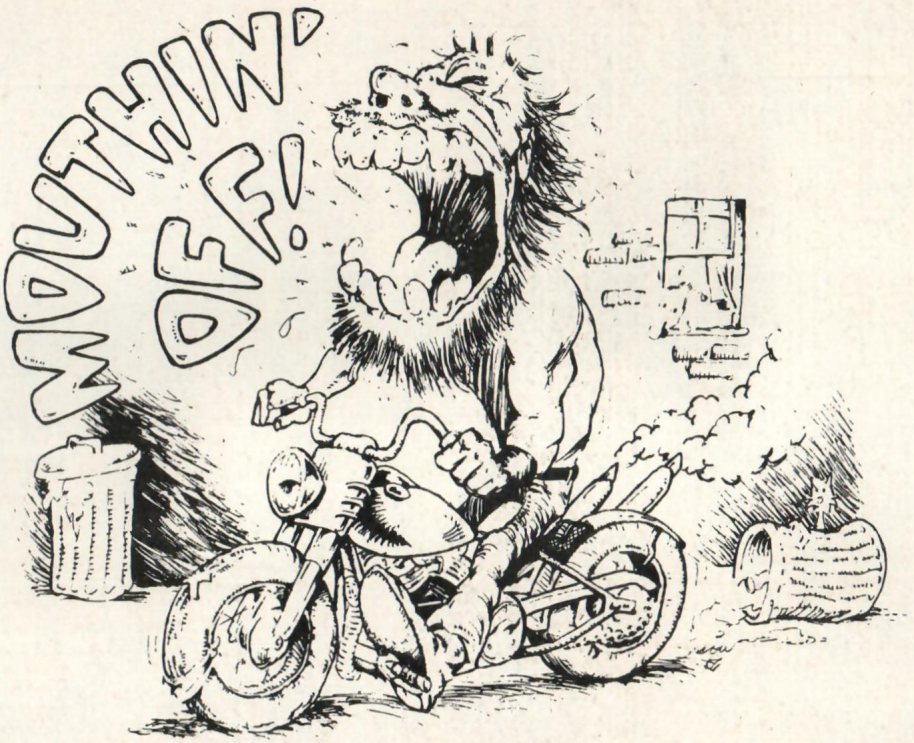

With The Junkman

Despite a ridin season that's about as long as the average beer fart, there's some serious motorcycle people up in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Always has been. And anywhere there's scooters there's stories. Brent Beyor of Williamstown, Vermont, a second-generation Indian rider, came up with one of the weirdest stories to whiz past the Junkman in a long time.

During deer season about seven years ago Brent was stalkin through the woods lookin for Bambi's boyfriend, like almost everyone else in the state. Unlike everyone else in the state, though, he found a 1948 Chief, stock and complete, lyin on its side with a tree growin through it.

He wasn't carryin a camera, which is a damn shame. But he had his rifle, and not bein a man to dick around when opportunity shows up brass-knucklin the door, he raised it swiftly to his shoulder and started firing. And kept firing until he'd shot the fuckin tree down. Then he hauled the bike up off the stump and loaded it onto his truck. "I didn't get my deer that year," he said, "but I got the bike ..."

Some years ago I tracked down the man who'd owned the Harley dealership in Barre, Vermont, trying to verify a highly disturbing rumor that had come to my attention ... a rumor that turned out to be true. Seems that back in the thirties a local man, who was said to be a few degrees off of top dead center, bought himself a new VL. Due to his negligence, the total-loss oil system totally lost its oil, with the usual result of lunching the engine. He brought it back to the dealer and didn't like the price he was given for a rebuild, so he removed the engine and tranny (don't ask me why the tranny; that's how I heard it) and sent them to Milwaukee. When they told him how much they want to rebuild it, he told them to stick it where the sun never shines.

Then he took what was left of the bike, dug a hole in the cellar of a house he was working on, pushed the bike in, buried it, and poured a concrete floor over it.

I was still interested in the VL until I heard about the floor. The old man, the former dealer, told me he could point out the house to me but I said the hell with it. I still say the hell with it ... nothin but a strange tale now.

If you readers have any off-the-wall bike stories, about findin em or destroyin em, or whatever, scribble em down and kite em to the Junkman.

* * *

Speakin of Indian, here's a little thing the factory called a Trouble Saving Tip, from the Riders' Instruction Book (all models), page 36: "Don't open and close the throttle suddenly. It injures the motor and creates ill-feeling against motorcyclists."

See there? The root of all that ill-feeling against us out there comes from sudden use of the throttle. Now you know what to blame.

* * *

Might as well quit trashin my beer-soaked brain cells and just relax and let this be Indian month. Or mostly Indian month. Made a little pilgrimage a few weeks back up to Springfield, Mass., to check out the Indian Motorcycle Museum. It's like five years I've been meanin to get there. Sometimes these little projects take a while.

One of these months I'm gonna go into that museum in depth, but for right now, there's two exhibits that really stand out. One is the snowmobile. If it was just the Indian Snowmobile Museum and it only had one exhibit, it'd still be worth the trip. This handmade red witch is about fifteen feet long and uses a complete 45-inch Scout powerplant, primary, tranny, and all. The final drive chain goes to a jackshaft for the tread, which is a pair of mutha-long rol-

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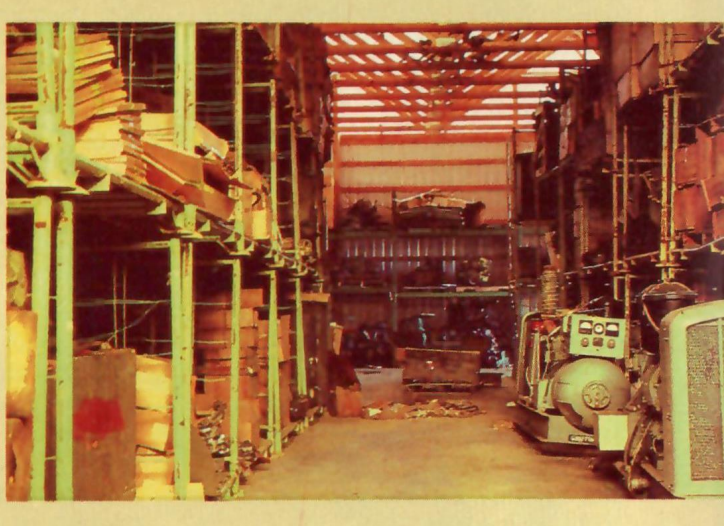

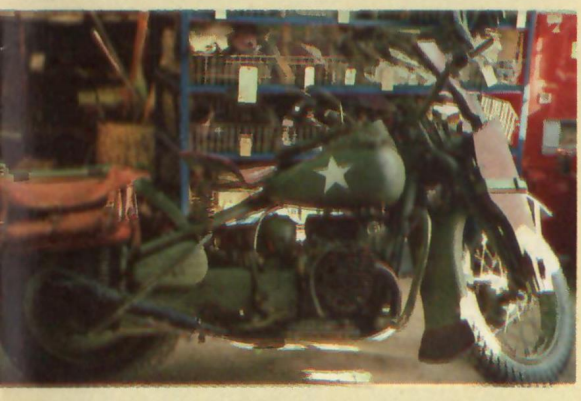

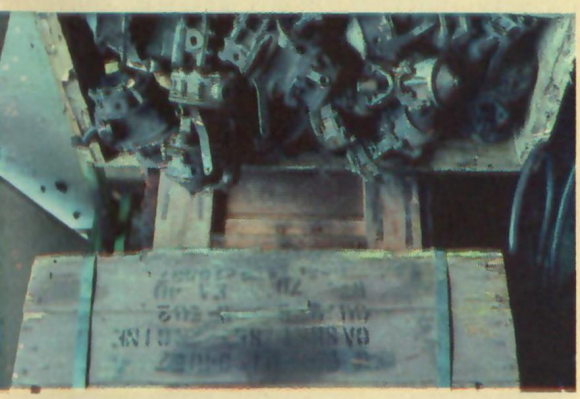

THE TEMPLE OF VROOM

Sarafan's Garage Part II

Photos by Rocco DiRico and Gypsy Rose

Story by Snow

Okay bros, let's go for a cruise in the Way-Back machine as that smartass mutt Mr. Peabody used to say, and remember way back during the summer of '86, back to issue #61 (the one with Marylin Chambers on the cover) and the story about that legendary Raider of the Lost Hogs, David Sarafan. If you'll remember, he's the guy who's made an art form out of trackin down tons of forty year old Harley WLA, UL, and EL sickles from WWII years — priceless treasures from the most forbidden spots on the globe reclaimed by David and brought back to the land of their birth. Some of his finds have been truly spectacular — including the near mythical 45 in a crate — that's happened a couple of times, and he has stacks of crates of Harley parts *still* unopened after forty years of slumber beneath their Lend Lease stickers. It blows ya away if ya try to think about it too hard.

Anyhow, we promised you a return trip to Sarafan's Garage in issue #61, and we've finally got our shit together enough to bring you some choice shots of David's own personal favorites out of his extensive stash of military and hard to find scoots. Better late than never, as my old hippie girlfriend used to say about her "natural" birth control (none at all), and so without further ado and a

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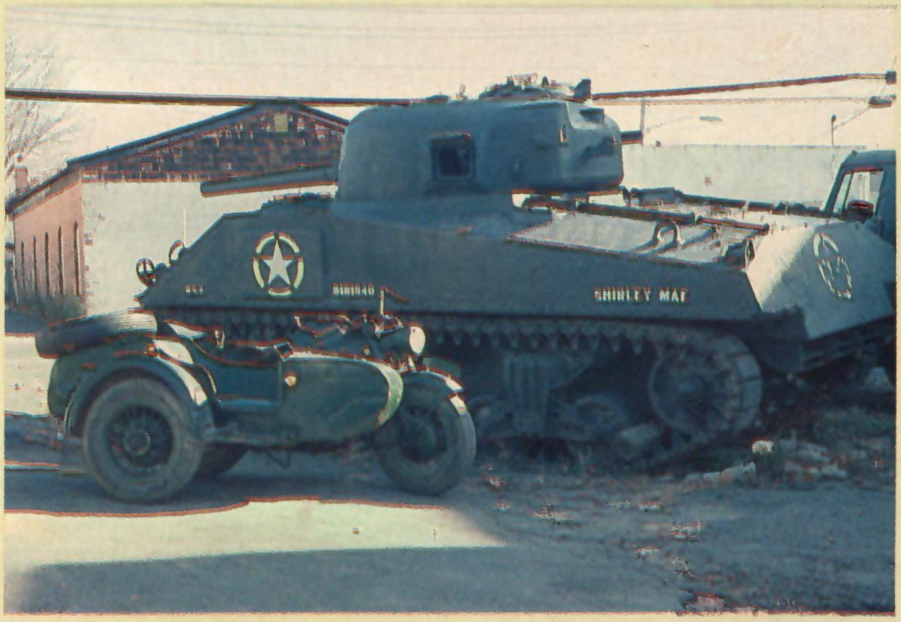
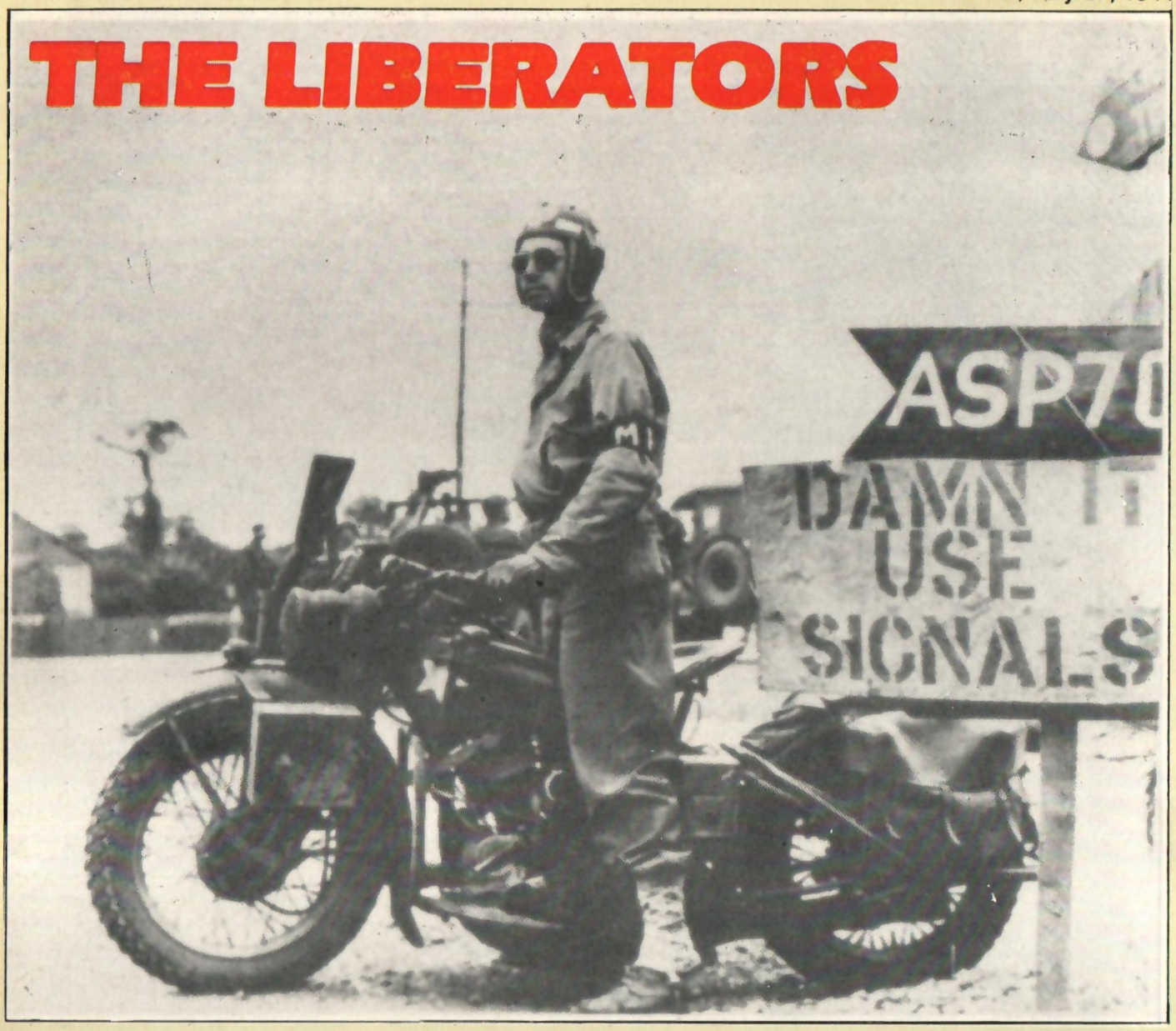


THE LIBERATORS



David Sarafan's Last Word on the WWII Harley

Back in our July issue we told you about an operation just a few miles north of New York City that specializes in gathering Harley parts from sources all over the world. Most of these bikes and parts found their way overseas over 40 years ago as a part of World War II's Lend Lease program, and the man responsible for reclaiming these lost treasures is David Sarafan of Sarafan Inc. David has scavenged together one of the last genuine hoards of WWII vintage Harleys, with many of the parts either still packed in their Lend Lease crates or coated with their original layer of protective cosmoline. Through the years of collecting, buying and selling these old machines, David has built up quite a storehouse of knowledge concerning the WWII Harley-Davidson and has brought it all together in a book called *The Liberators: Military Harley-Davidson Motorcycles Circa 1939-1952.*

The softcover volume was put together despite a marked lack of interest from the factory, which surprised the hell out of David. For a business that takes pride in its sense of history and tradition, the folks at the "new" Motor Company could've cared less when David approached them three years ago with his complete project. You'd think that the biggies at H-D would've jumped at the opportunity to capitalize on a book publicizing Harley's proud war record, but such was not the case. The promised intro from Willie G. never materialized along with talk of marketing the book as a licensed product. Instead, David was kept hanging for two years chasing down one communication breakdown after another until finally he just said, "Fuck it," and went ahead and published the book.

As you might guess, the majority of *The Liberators* is devoted to the various incarnations of the WLA 45s, however, there are fascinating sections of the Big Twin warhorses, as well as military trikes and the rare XA, Harley's answer to Rommel's desert raiding BMWs. Ever see a fully armored UL 74 Flathead with a watercooled Colt machine gun

Early WLA's, with slat grill jeeps and armor in background.

These basically civilian machines have parts added for military testing.

Motorcycles were soon to be replaced by the quarter 4x4 reconnaissance car as tactical units.

Story by Phlegm Jim
Photos courtesy David Sarafan

mounted in the sidecar? How about a rare prototype Knuckle powered, shaft driven trike with disc wheels? Then there's the mouth watering sight of brand new U models and WLAs in their packing crates, ready to go off and make the world safe for democracy.

In addition to these rare shots there are also photos of the data and rebuild plates which were usually affixed to the tanks and will give you some about the performance of the old iron heads. The warning "Speed — Not To Exceed 55 mph" combined with a 4.3:1 compression ratio and a fuel octane rating of 72, insured the ability of the WLAs to run on whatever rancid camel piss their riders happened across in the North Afri-

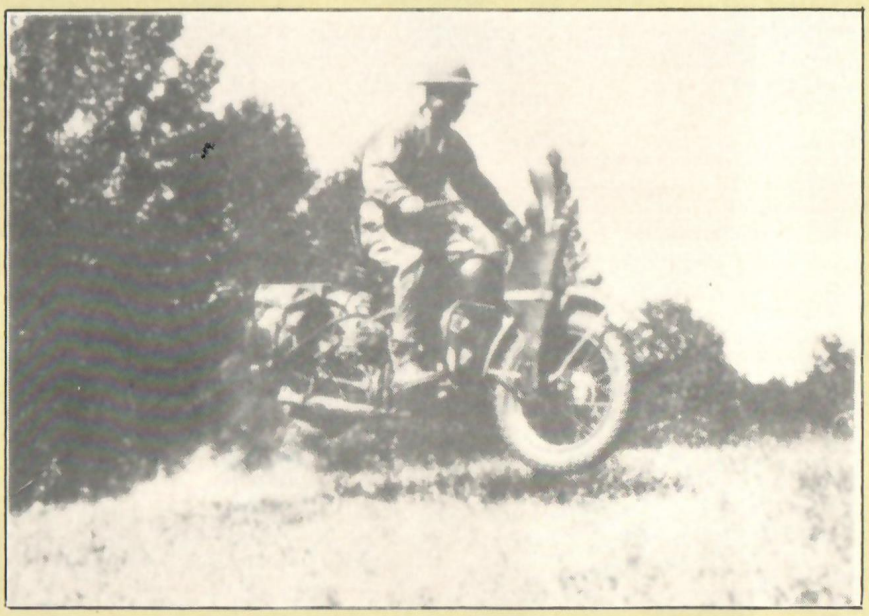
EARLY WLA'S AND RIDERS

Here are early WLA's and riders with cavalry gear. Thompson Machine Guns and buddy seats are shown. Bantam experimental jeeps are shown in background.

These machines are fitted with the high buckhorn-type bars. Later replaced by the wide flat speedster type as standard equipment.

NOTE: Dust respirator is shown on bike in foreground.

Rider going airborne wearing dust respirator with early iron pot helmet, a design that goes back to World War I.



can desert.

Much of the text is reproduced straight from War Department technical manuals, specifically The Armored School Motorcycle Dept. at Fort Knox, KY., and one excerpt in particular stands out to illustrate how the requirements for riding during wartime 40 years ago ain't that much different from going for a putt on the peacetime roads of the 80s.

"In picking men from (the) organization to become motorcycle riders, give considerable attention to the fact that during most of the time, the rider is completely on his own. Many times there will not be another man nor a non-commissioned officer to help him out of trouble. He must survive and be able to accomplish his assigned mission. A good motorcyclist should possess at least the five following qualifications:

a. Voluntarily show interest in work with motorcycles.

b. Be alert and quick thinking, and have above average mentality.

c. Have initiative.

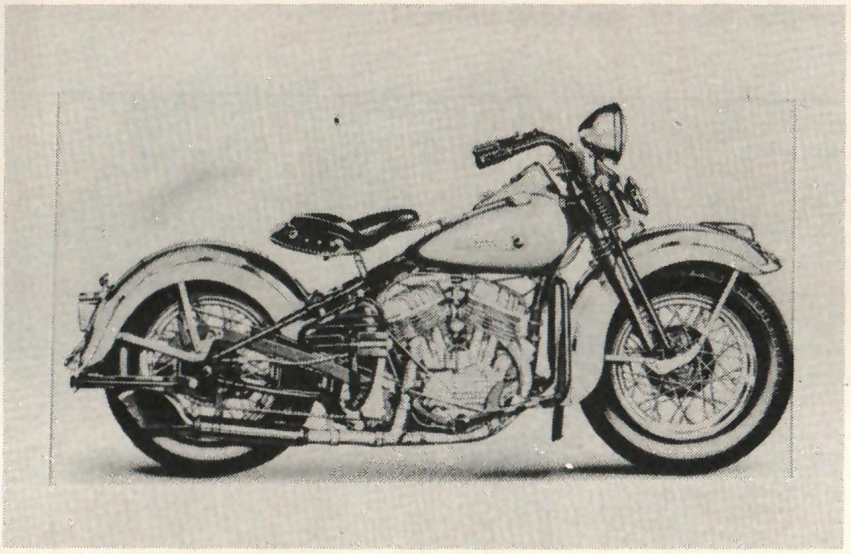
d. Have courage.

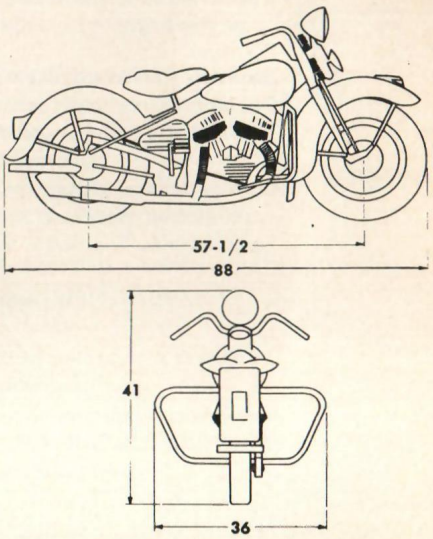
e. Have the physical strength and ability to handle his machine under all conditions.

If you can see a little bit of yourself in that 40 year old description, you'd probably really get off a copy of *The Liberators.* Write David Sarafan Inc., P.O. Box 293, Spring Valley, NY 10977, or call David at (914) 356-1080. □

EARLY WLA'S 750CC (CIRCA 1939-40)

Much chrome is evident with civilian exhaust, and high headlight. The machines are fitted with early J.D. luggage carriers.





MOTORCYCLE, SOLO, CHAIN DRIVE

(Harley-Davidson, Model WL45)

Classification: Standard.

Purpose: To transport personnel for reconnaissance messenger service police operations and convoy control.

GENERAL DATA

Crew	1
Weight (lb)	Net 477; Payload 250; Gross 727
Axle load (lb):	
Empty	front 229; rear 248
Loaded	front 354; rear 373
Tires: Ply 4; Size 4.00 x 18; Pressure (psi)	front 18; rear 20
Shipping dimensions, uncrated	(cu ft) 75; (sq ft) 22
Ground clearance	(in.) 4½
Electrical system	(volts) 6
No. of batteries	1
Type of ground	negative
Fuel octane rating	72
Capacities:	
Fuel	(gal) 3⅜
Cooling system	air
Oil tank	(qt) 3½
Transmission	(qt) ⅜
Brakes: Manufacturer; Harley-Davidson	Type; mechanical
Transmission forward speeds	3
Engine-to-wheel ratio	High 4.74:1, Low 11.72:1

PERFORMANCE

Computed grade ability in lowest gear, loaded	(percent)29
Turning radius	(ft) 7½
Fording depth	(in.) 16
Fuel consumption, loaded	(mpg) 37
Cruising range, loaded	(mi) 125
Allowable speed, recommended	(mph) 70

ENGINE

Manufacturer: Harley-Davidson	Model WL
Type	L-head, 4-cycle; No. of cylinders (45 deg V) 2
Displacement	(cu in.) 45
Bore	(in.) 2¾
Stroke	(in.) 3 13/16
Compression ratio	6:1
Governed speed	not governed
Brake horsepower (max w/std accessrs)	23 at (rpm) 4,600
Torque (max)	27½ lb-ft at (rpm) 4,000

ADDITIONAL DATA

1940 UL CIVILIAN — WITH AN ATTEMPT AT SHIELDING

An attached specialized sidecar holds a Colt or Westinghouse machine gun, which is water cooled.

Basically a standard bike stripped down. A 1940 emblem and paint scheme is still seen. Chrome and cadmium plating are present.

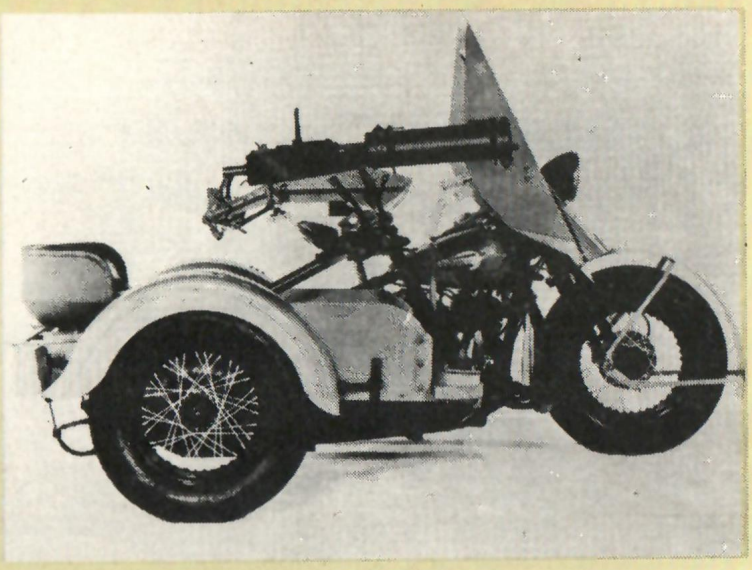
Photos at bottom of page:

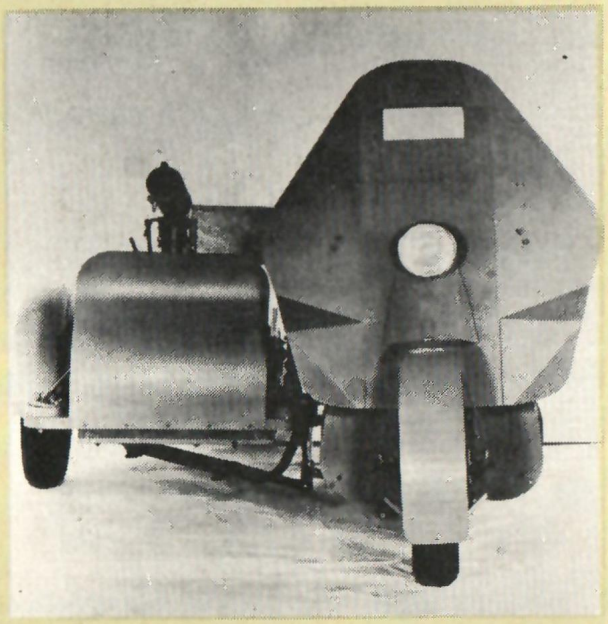
Another attempt at machine gun use, using anti-aircraft mounts as standard machine gun mounts. The height left something to be desired.

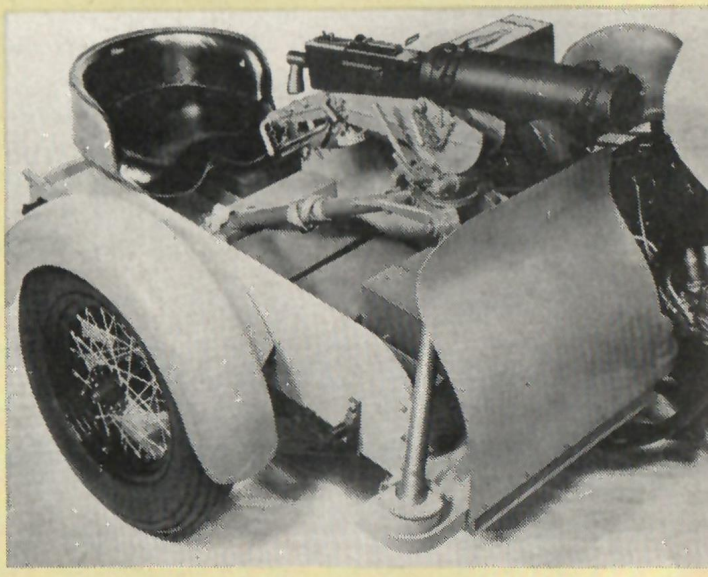
FRONT VIEW (with the completed shielding)

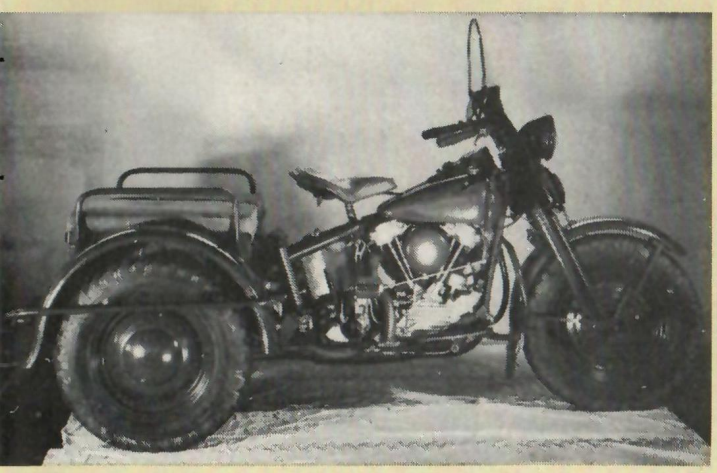
Here is a good view of the machine gun mounting in the sidecar.

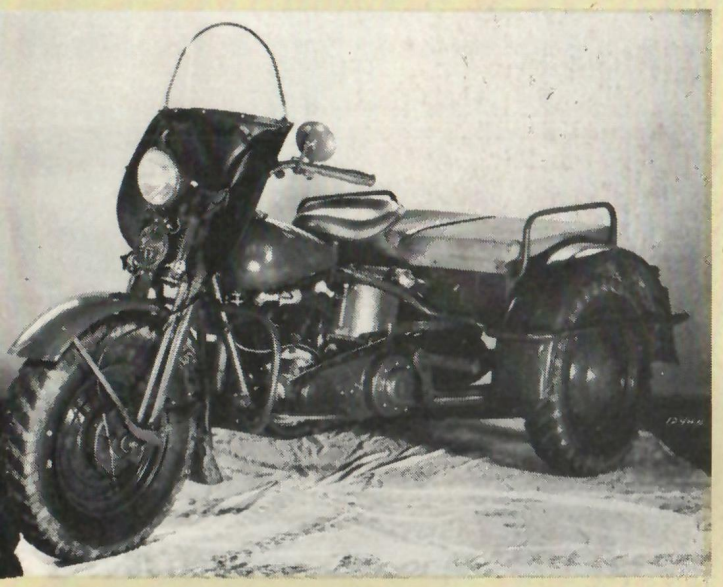
A standard tripod ground mount is utilized. Machine is fitted with 400 x 16 tires, which were optional from 1940 on.

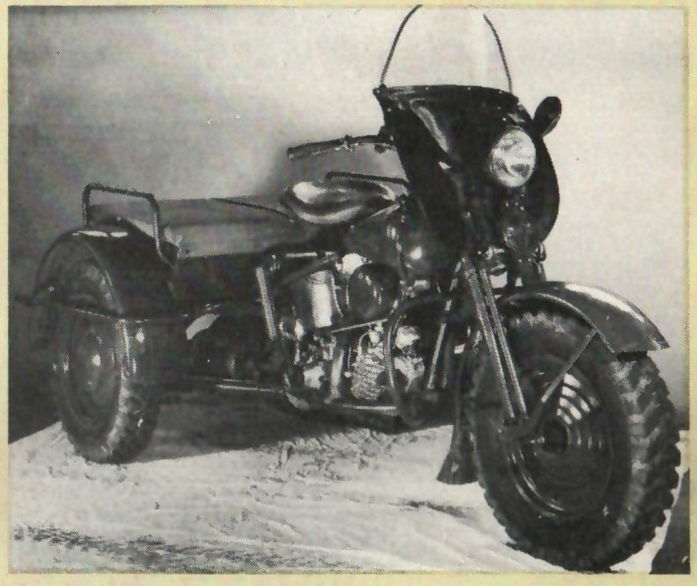


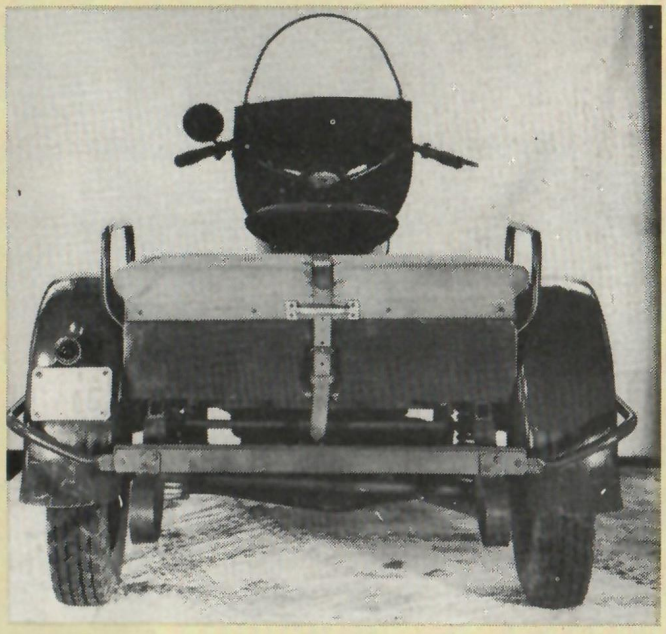












THREE WHEELERS

These were experimental machines built for the U.S. Army, fitted with the "XA" type front end, which was two inches longer than a stock "74" type, and disk wheels that were tried on the XA shaft drive models.

Apparently the machines were produced in three versions: the standard three wheeler "Model G," chain drive 61 cu. inch, and drive shaft 61 cu. inch. All overhead models are considered prototypes. The flathead 750 CC model was put into production which continued until 1973.

A 61 cu. inch knucklehead servi-car is shown with ring and pinion drive. By using a conventional "truck" type rear end, the power is transmitted by driveshaft. Antisway bars and coil springs are installed for handling the power.

The transmission was redesigned for the right hand shift pattern with the shifter cams working from the right side of the machine. This would give the operator a left hand throttle, which followed the standard military practice on the early WLC, XA and the Indian models. The final drive must have worked with a coupler and universal joint arrangement. A bulbous kicker cover assembly seems to incorporate the drive shaft flange.

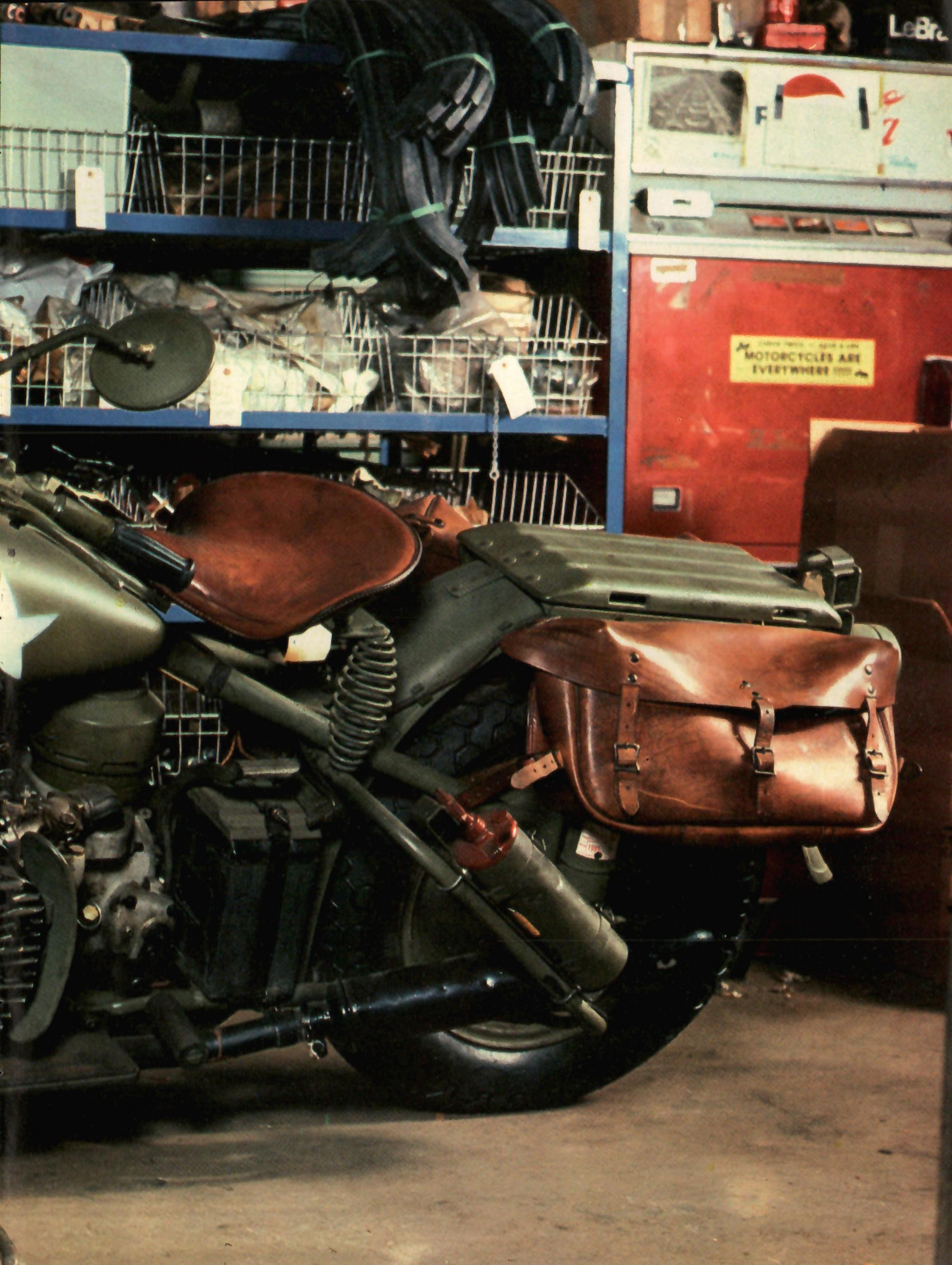
HARLEY'S FAMOUS XA

The Best Known, Least Understood Milwaukee Monster

Everybody knows the XA through its springer. About fifteen years ago you were hard pressed to find a spring-fork hog in any magazine that wasn't fitted with an XA fork. Or at least that's what they said. There were so many dudes around saying they had XA springers that ya had to wonder if there wasn't some fog-shrouded place like the elephant's graveyard full of nothing but acres of regular big-twin springers. And those of us who knew that Harley only made about a thousand of the bikes had to think that the north wing of the elephant's graveyard was

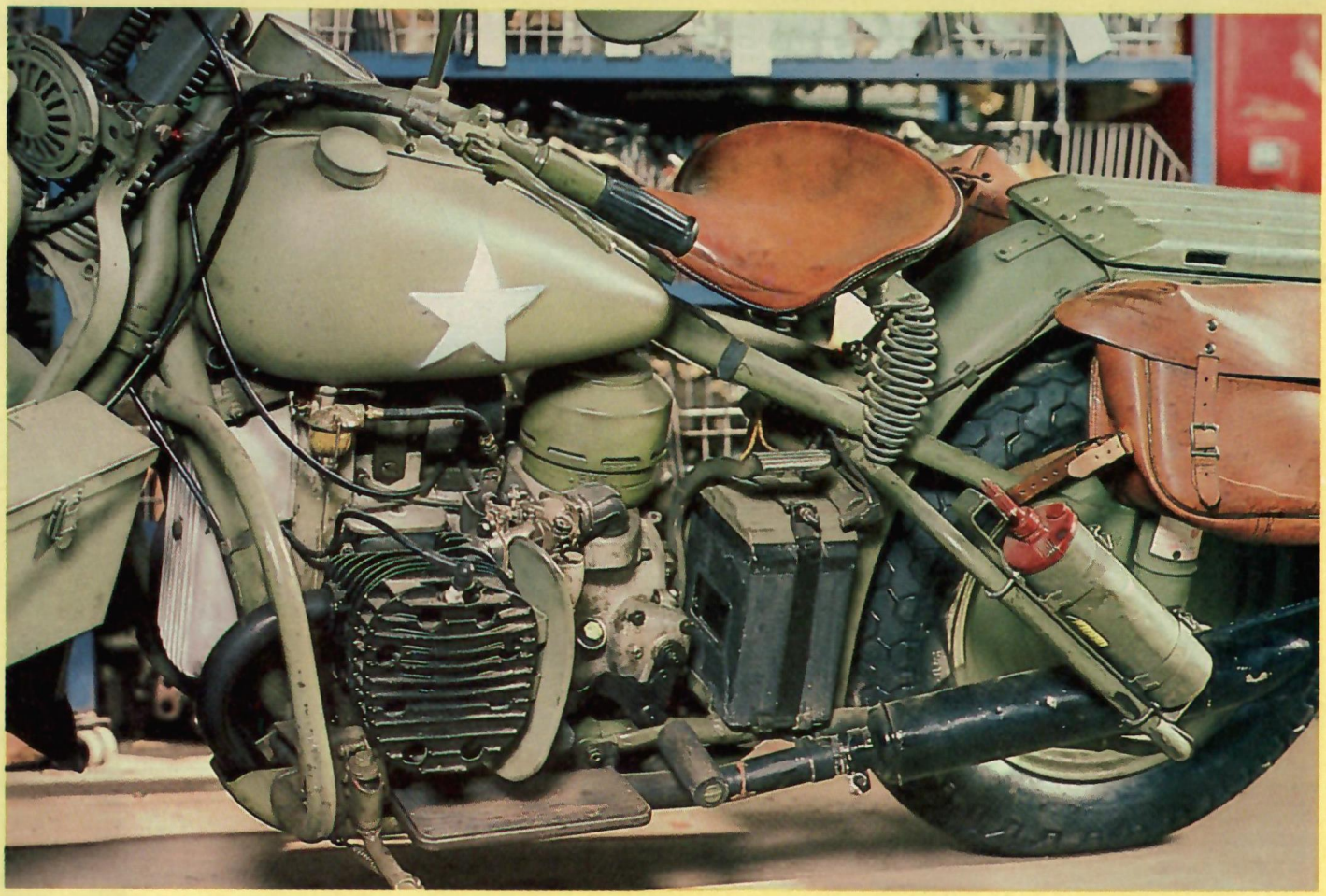
choked with forkless XAs. Something was fishy. And now that you hardly ever hear about XA forks, you gotta wonder if the graveyard is full of complete bikes now . . .

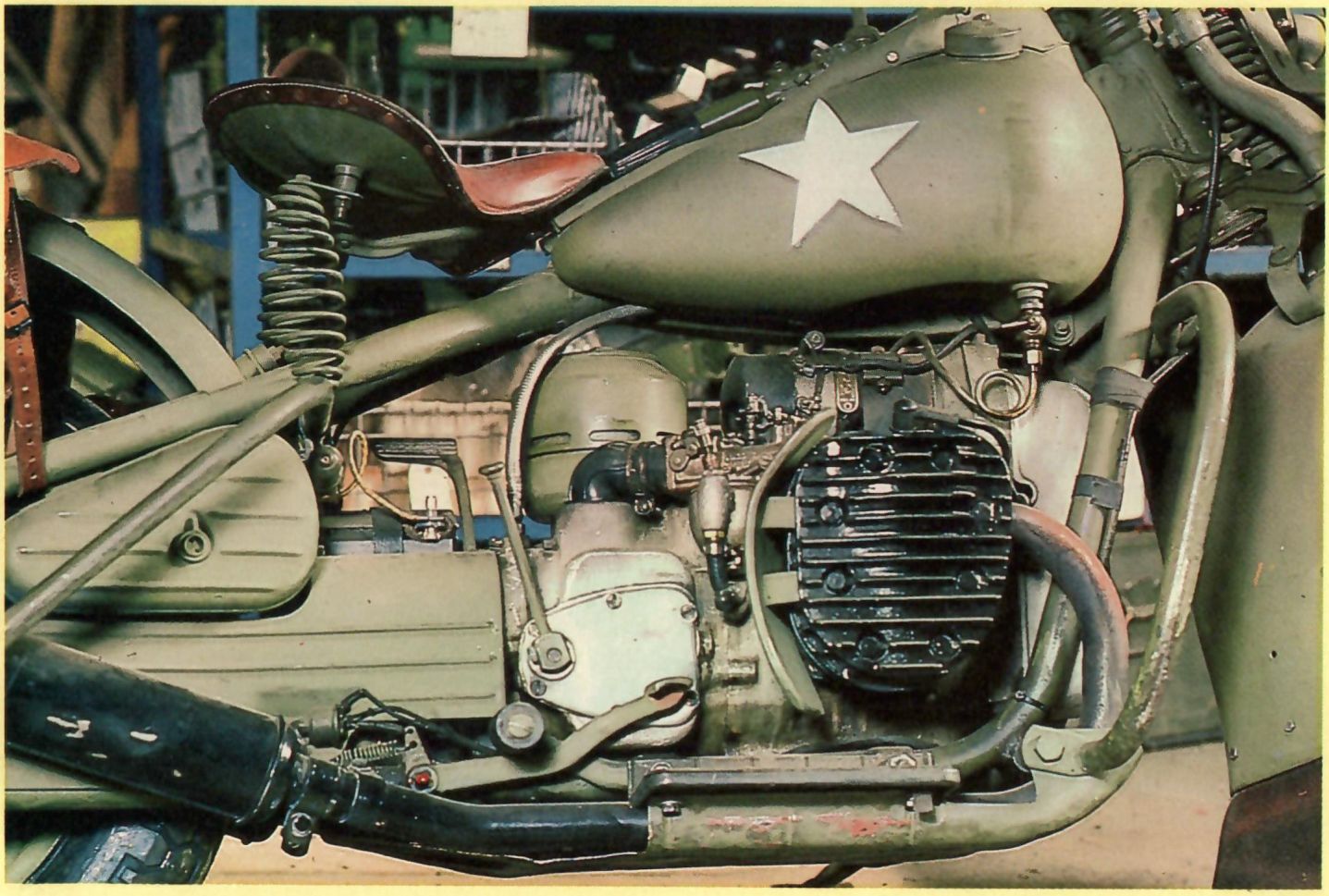
The main thing about XAs is that, besides the fact that they look like flathead BMWs, they're rare as hen's teeth. Aside from this excellent example I can only remember seeing one other one complete. It was in a garage in Reseda, California, and it was for sale for $300. At the time I was

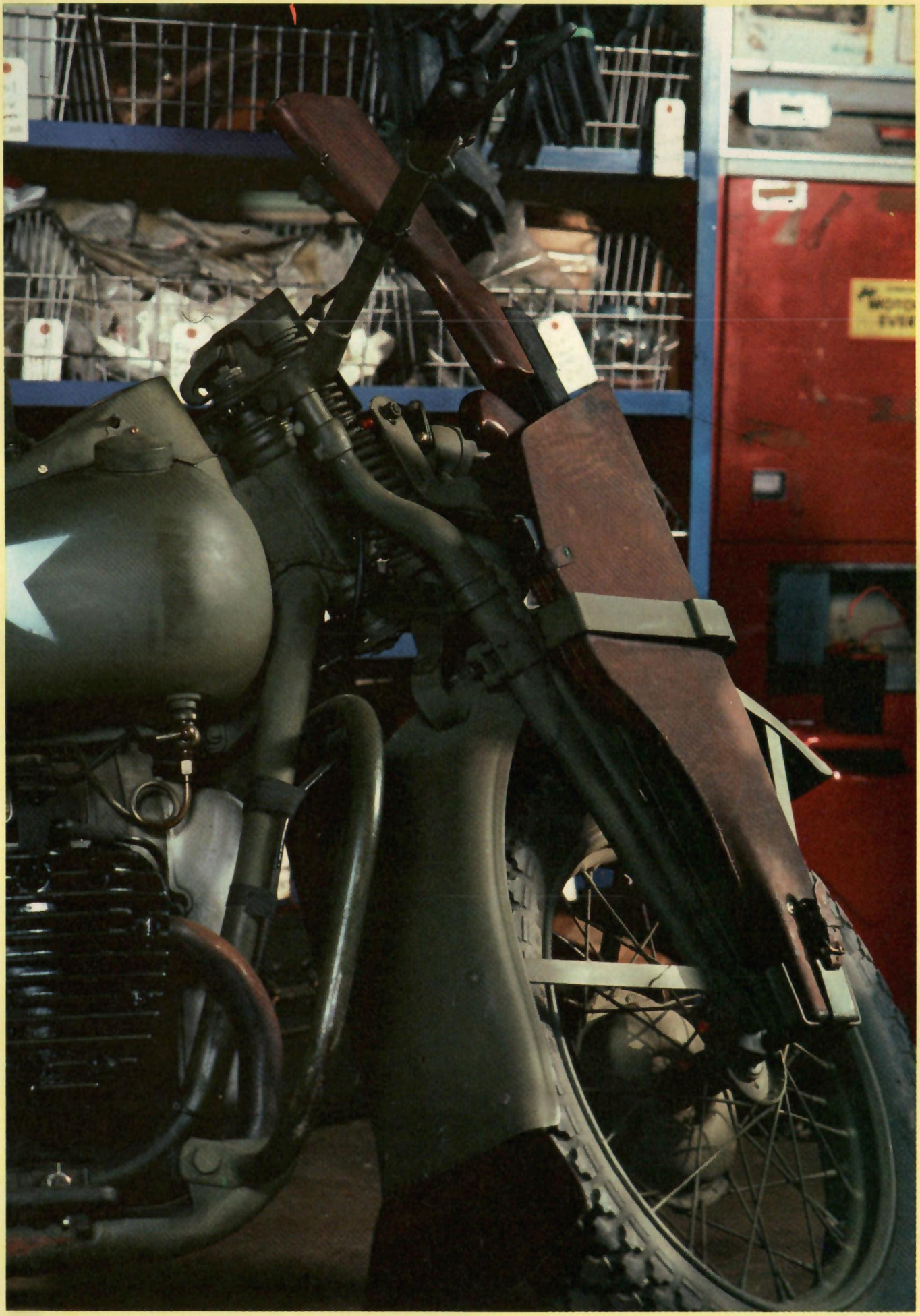

MOTORCYCLES ARE
EVERYWHERE

bucks down and riding an Indian that kept falling apart, and I stood there looking at this XA with just enough cash in my jeans to buy it, and like an asshole wondering where I'd find parts. I only hesitated for a minute, but it was long enough for some other yahoo to wander in and say immediately, "I'll take it."

He did and that was that. And I'll probably neaver get another shot at one. So I'll have to make do with these pictures . . .







FOUR FOR THE ROAD

160 Years of Motorcycles

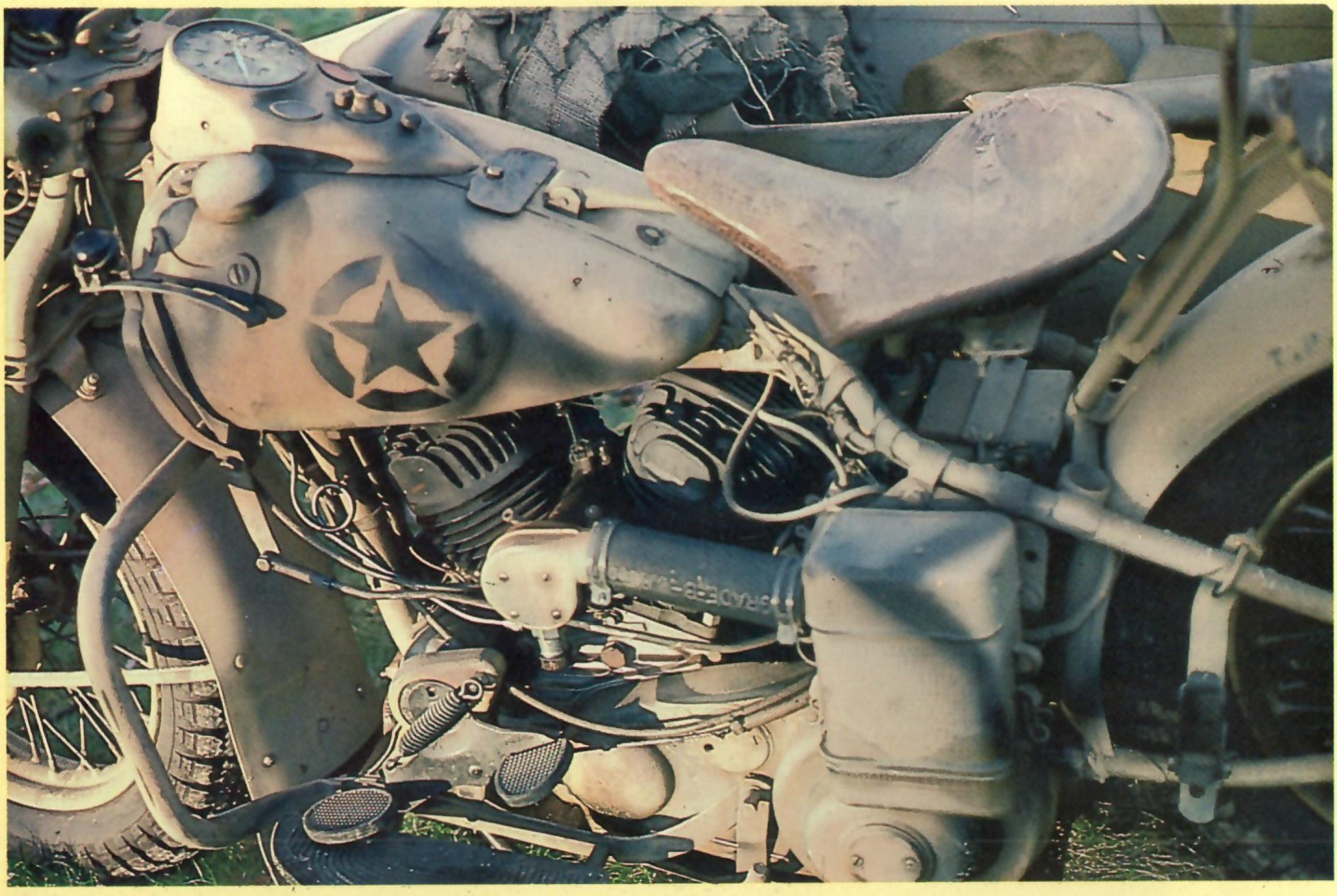
After checkin out Sarafan's hot WR, we were treated to a real grab bag of bikin goodies straight from the war years of the 40s. Three grizzled warhorses and a beautiful civilian ride will almost have ya hearin the ghostly strains of Glen Miller waftin on the breeze just like it was a goddam Twilight Zone episode. But don't worry about gettin your ass shot off by a phantom kraut, you're just under the spell of Sarafan's magical restorations.

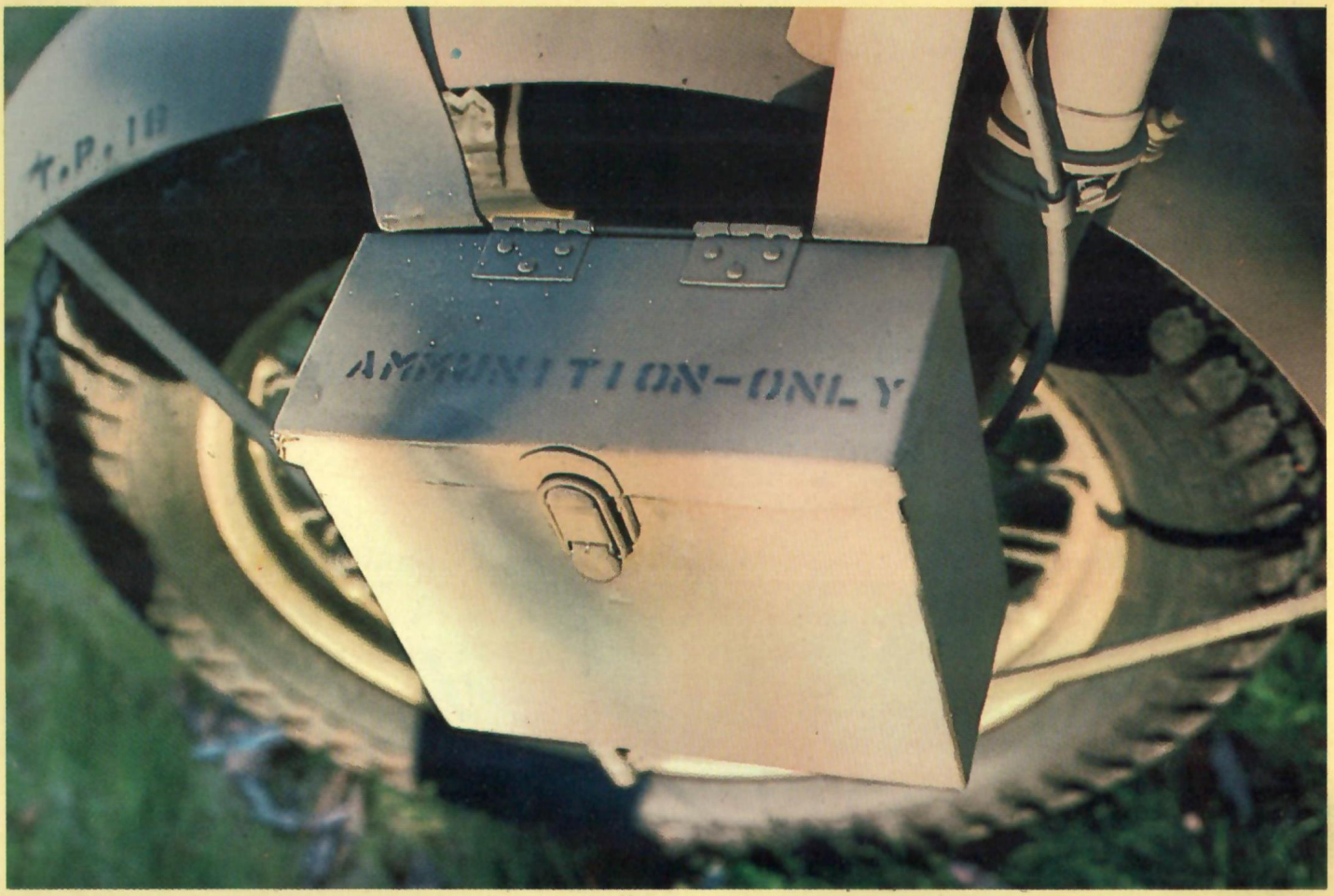
Leading the cavalry charge is probably the clunker of the bunch, a grungy Zundapp sidecar rig. Sure, it's boring and uglier than your last ol lady, but what ya have to realize is that it's the history behind the sled that makes it beautiful (too bad that don't work with ol ladies). This is an NS 750 Zundapp

WLA WITH GOULDING SIDECAR

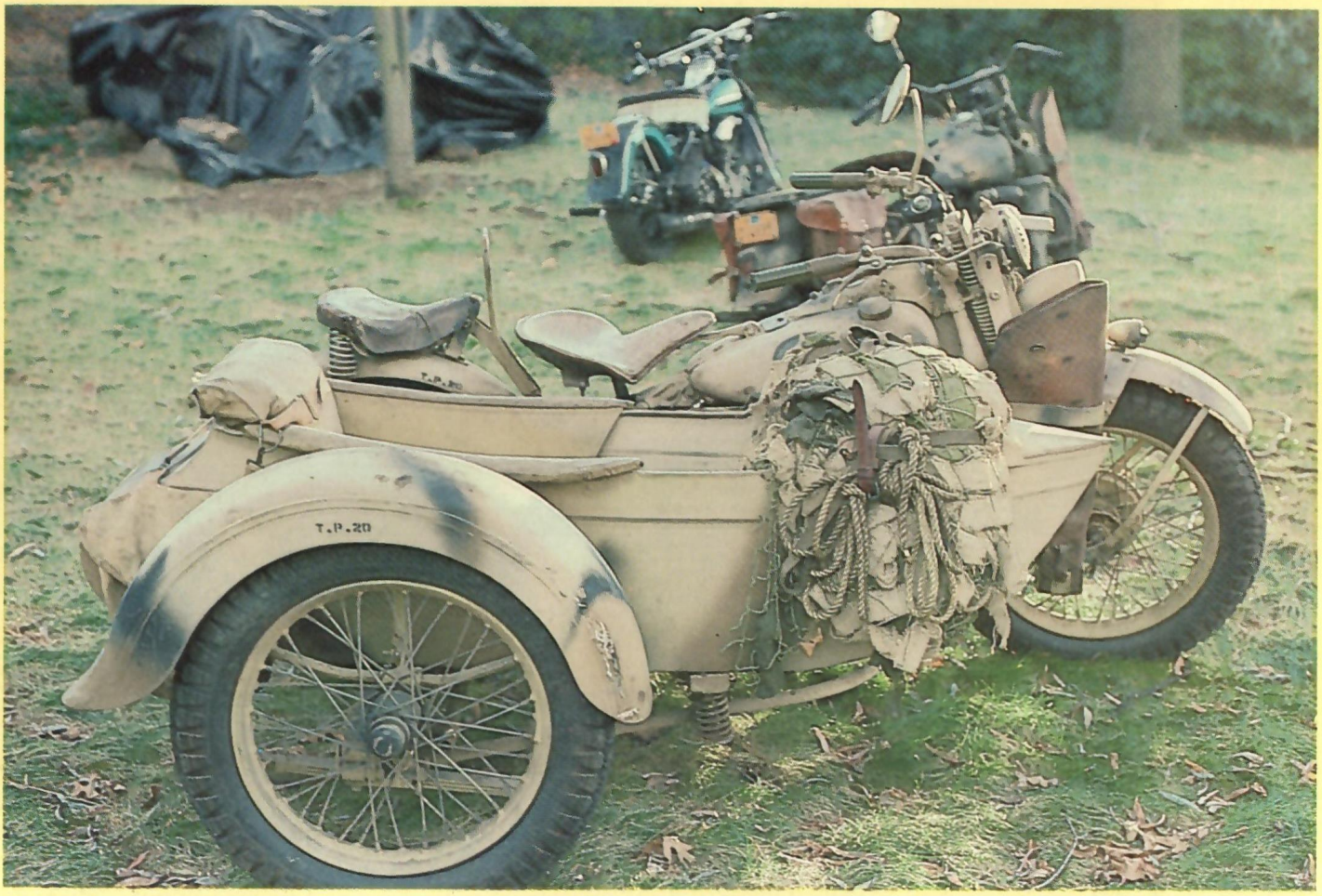
Story by Snow

Photos by Rocky DiRico and Gypsy





with a driven hack that served with the Wehrmacht during the Big One, and is in pretty much original condition, except for the custom booger green paint job. When David found it "somewhere in Europe" the rig was doing duty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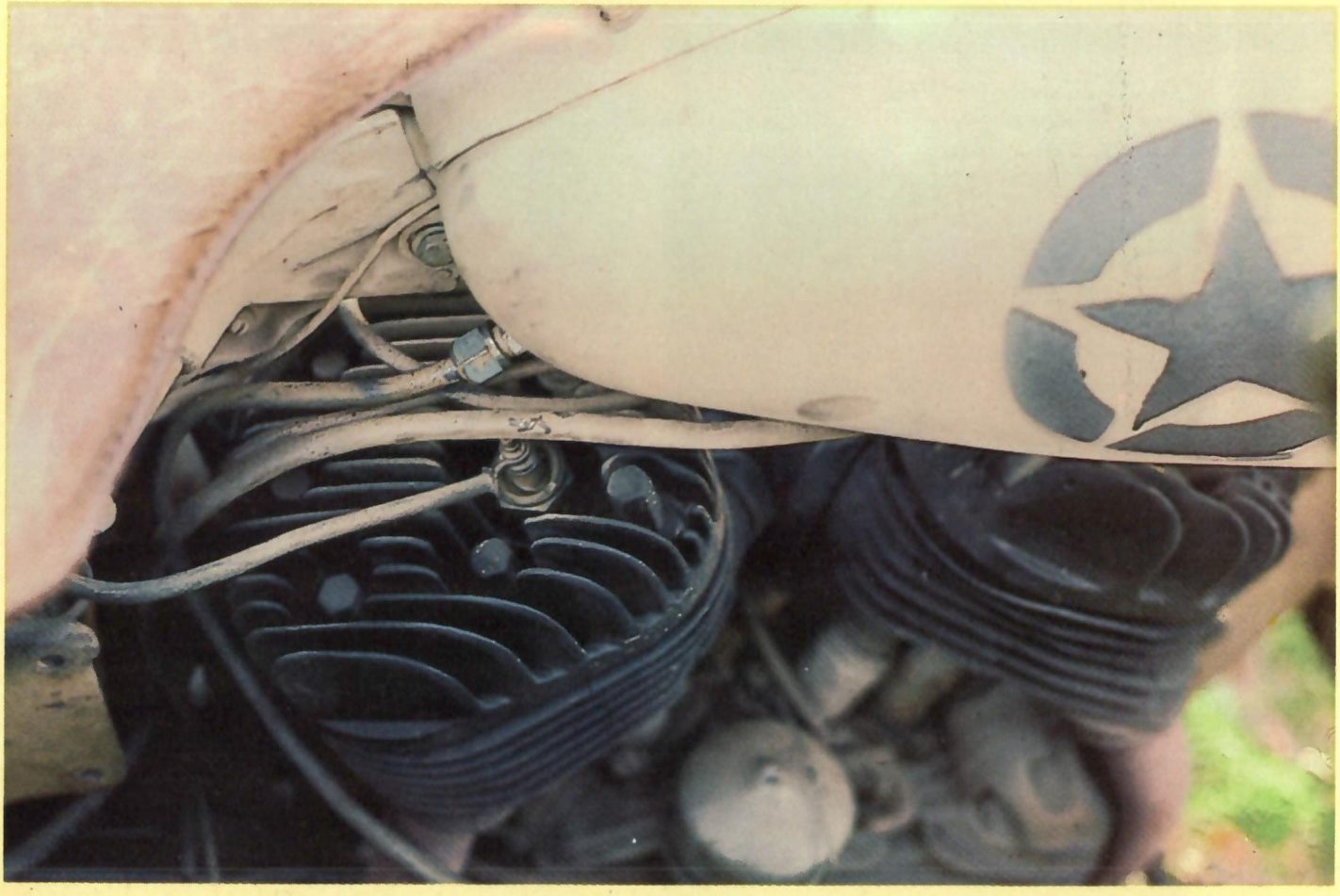
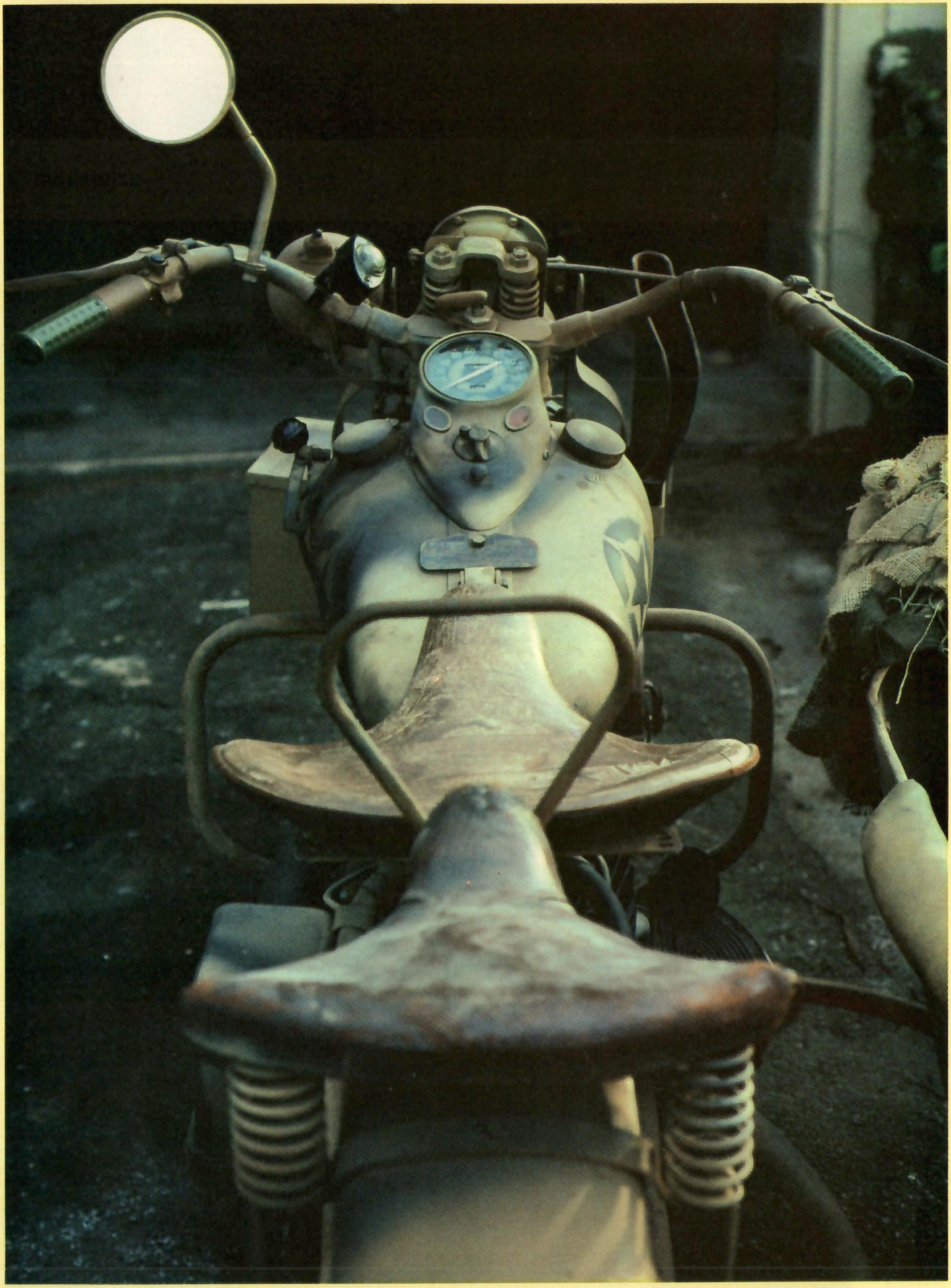


as a truck for a private individual. David is purposely vague concerning locations and circumstances since this antique cycle business is nothing more than prospecting for gc!d on a global basis. Give away one source and all your competitors are there like buzzards on roadkill, and ya don't even have the right to chase em off your claim with an honest dose of buckshot.

On our side we've got this immaculate WLA 45 with its equally spotless sidecar, which is as rare as an AIDS cure. Goulding built the rolling boats for Harley during the war but they were about as popular as a 9mm throat lozenge with the fighting men on the front lines. In fact, the dog faces chose



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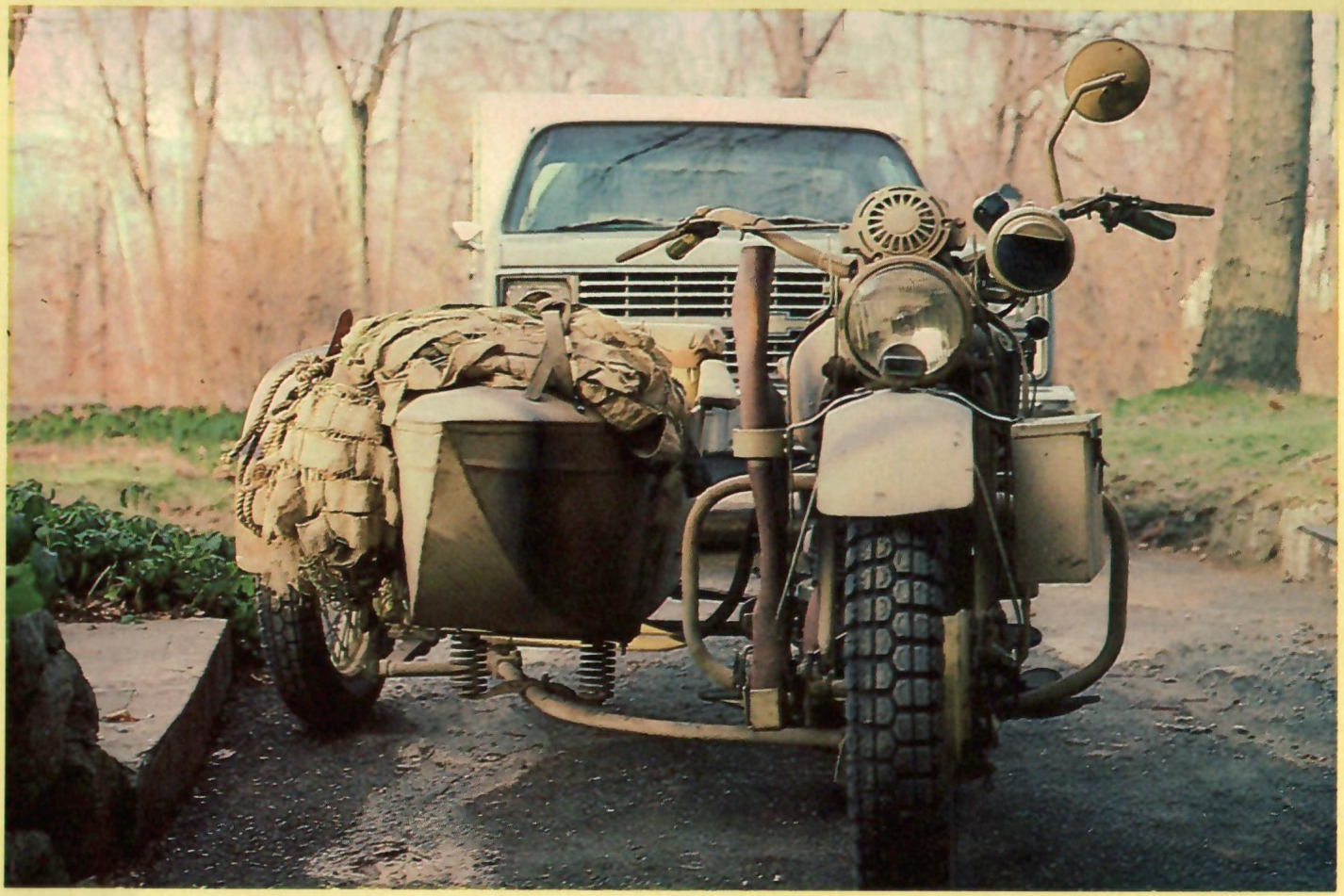
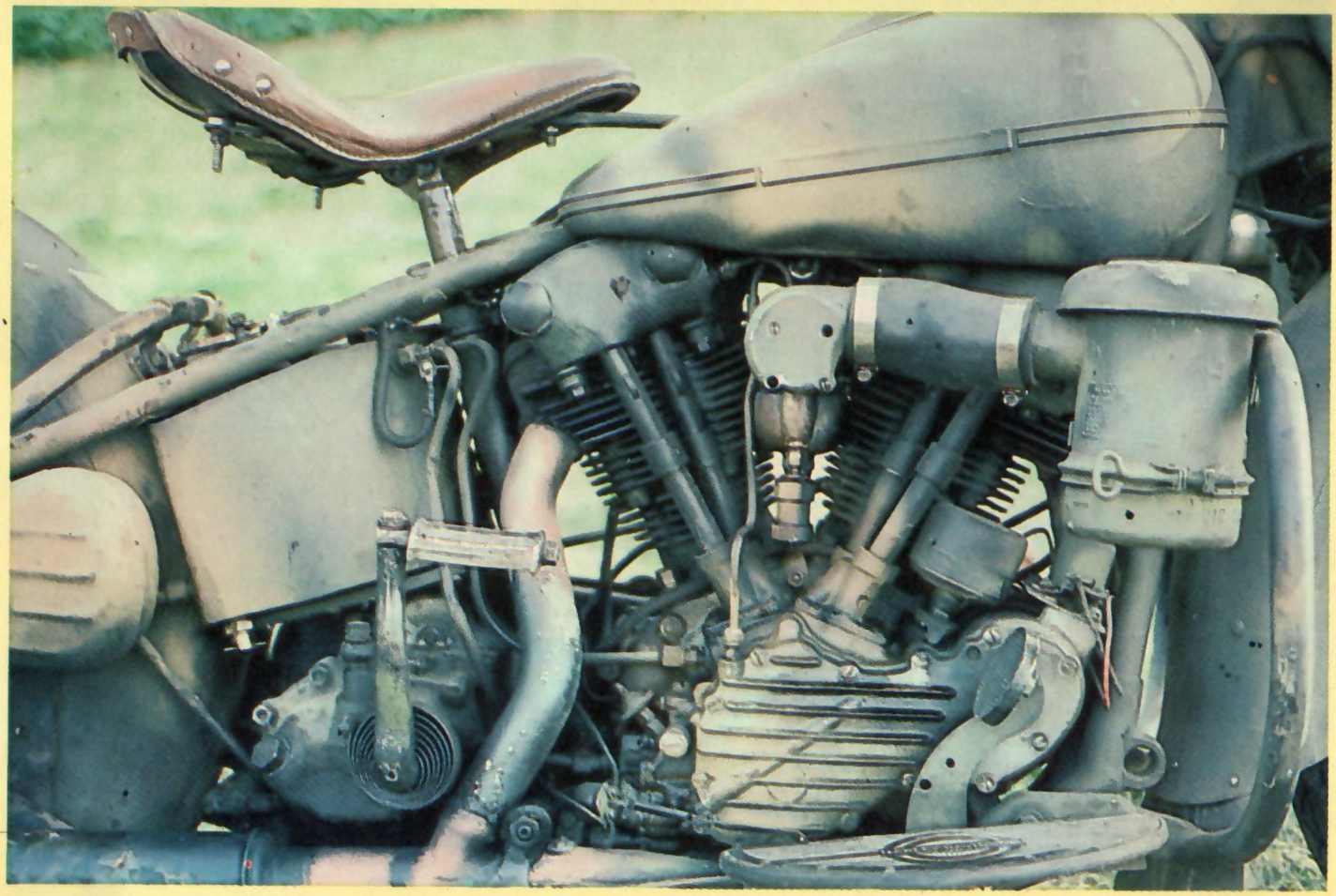
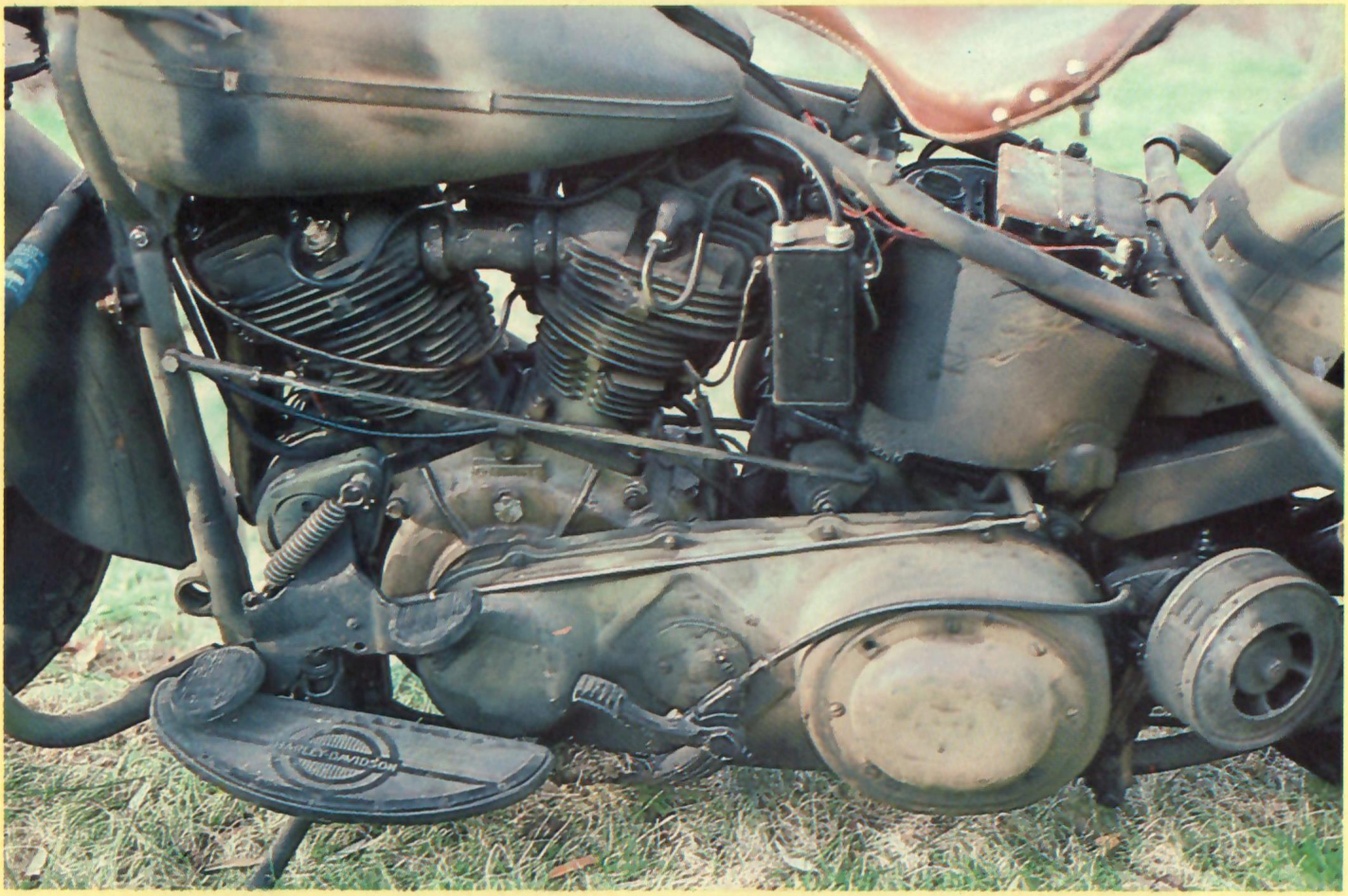


MILITARY EL

to walk even when they had a chance for a free ride, and it wasn't cause they wanted the exercise. It was common knowledge that the Krauts just loved to pick off whoever happened to be kickin back in the sidehack, assuming that it was an officer being chauffeured around by some lowly grunt. Although it was one of the few instances of discrimination in *favor* of bikers, it made the hacks very unpopular. Since the Army's bureaucrap didn't allow for removing the hack from a machine designated for hack duty, the bikin bros of the war, operatin under the immortal bikin adage of "if ya can't fix it — fuck it" proceeded to fuck their hacks up at every opportunity. They bashed em into trees, ran em into boulders, and in general knocked the shit out of 'em until the rigs had a very schizoid appearance. One side, the bike, was Jekyll, and the rolling wreck of a sidecar was Hyde.

Consequently, when David found this Goulding sidecar packed in a crate last summer, he knew he'd hit the motherlode. He had an original sidecar frame that was in pretty good shape, but the hack was pristene. Now the only thing

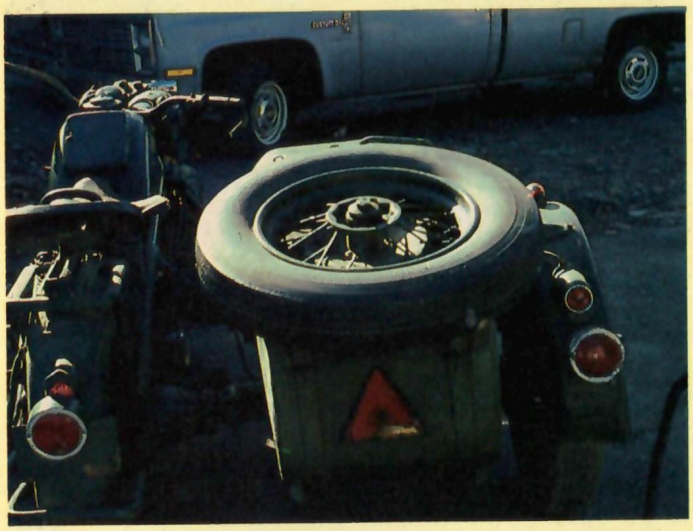


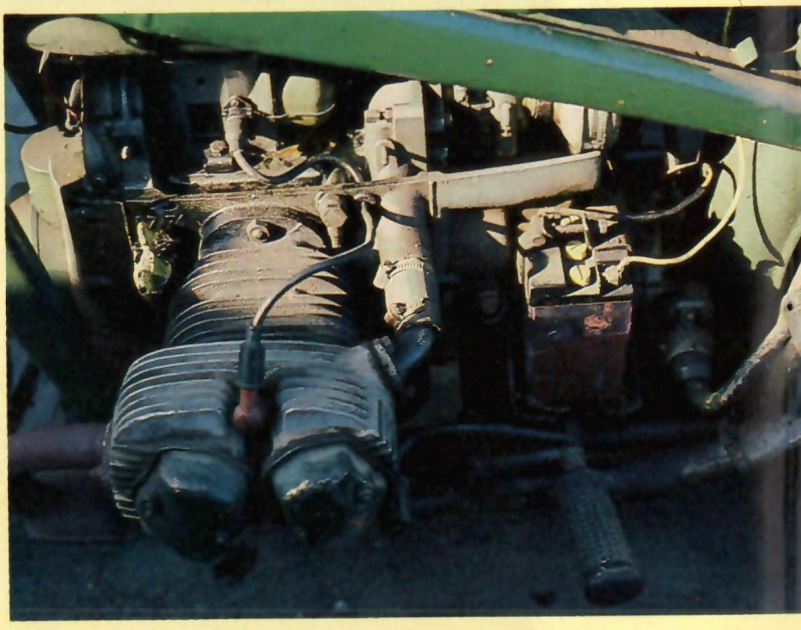


ya have to worry about is left turnin cagers, who're usually better aims than the Germans were.

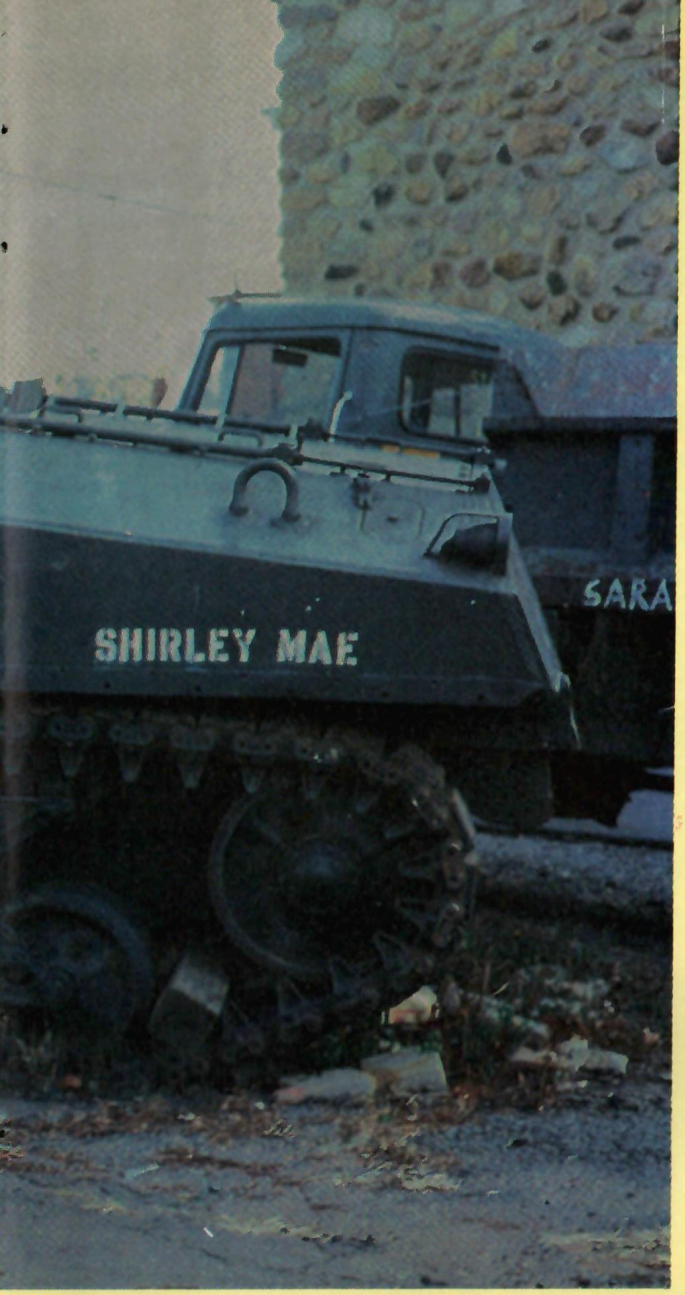
Bringing up the rear are a pair of ELs; a military Knuckle and its own street goin partner in civvies. Actually the Army Knuck is a copy of a 1941 war machine, painted to Army cammo specs of the time. Considerin that this bike was put together by the same man wh's responsible for *The Liberators* you can be sure that it's indistinguishable

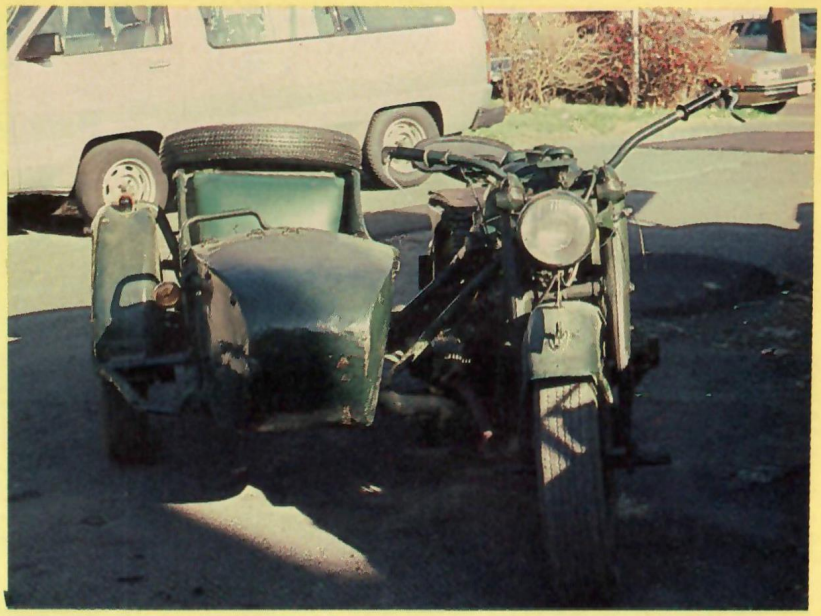
N Y

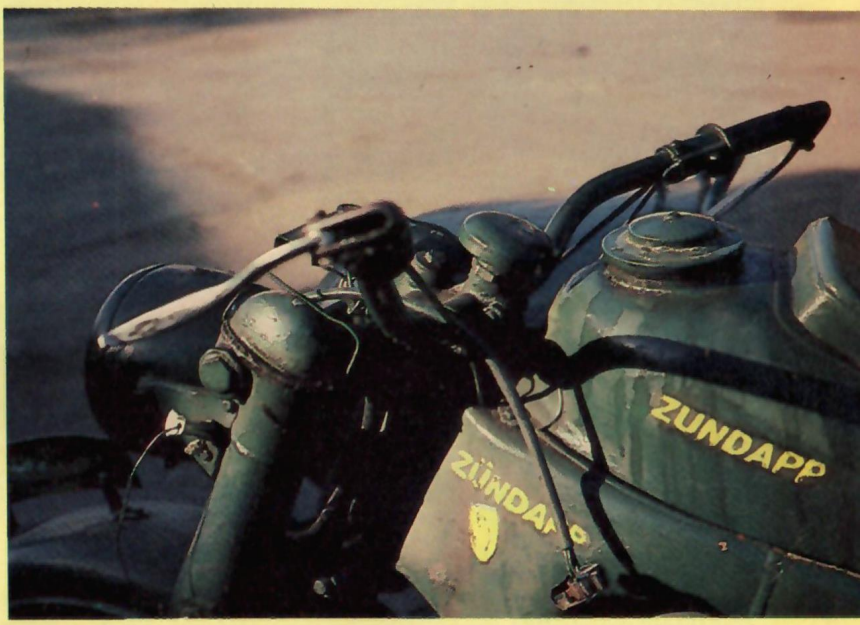


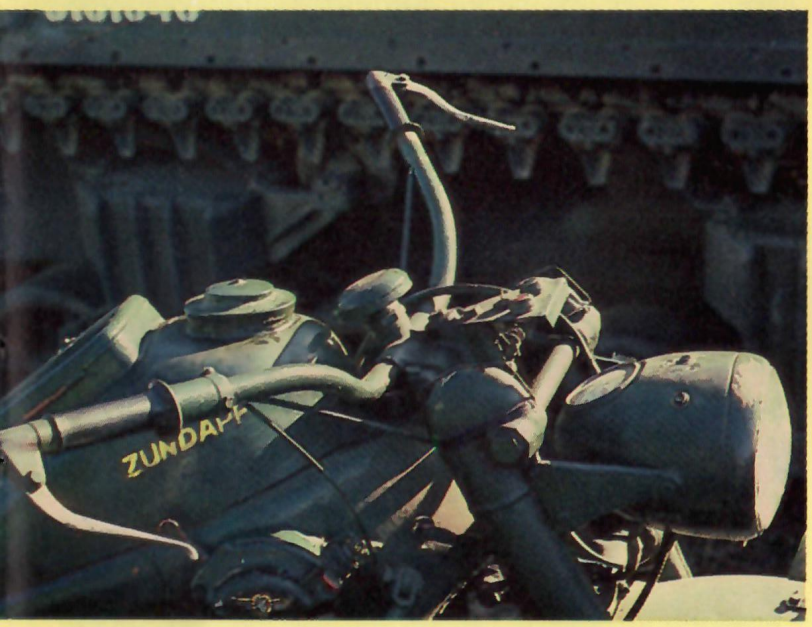


NSU 750 ZUNDAPP







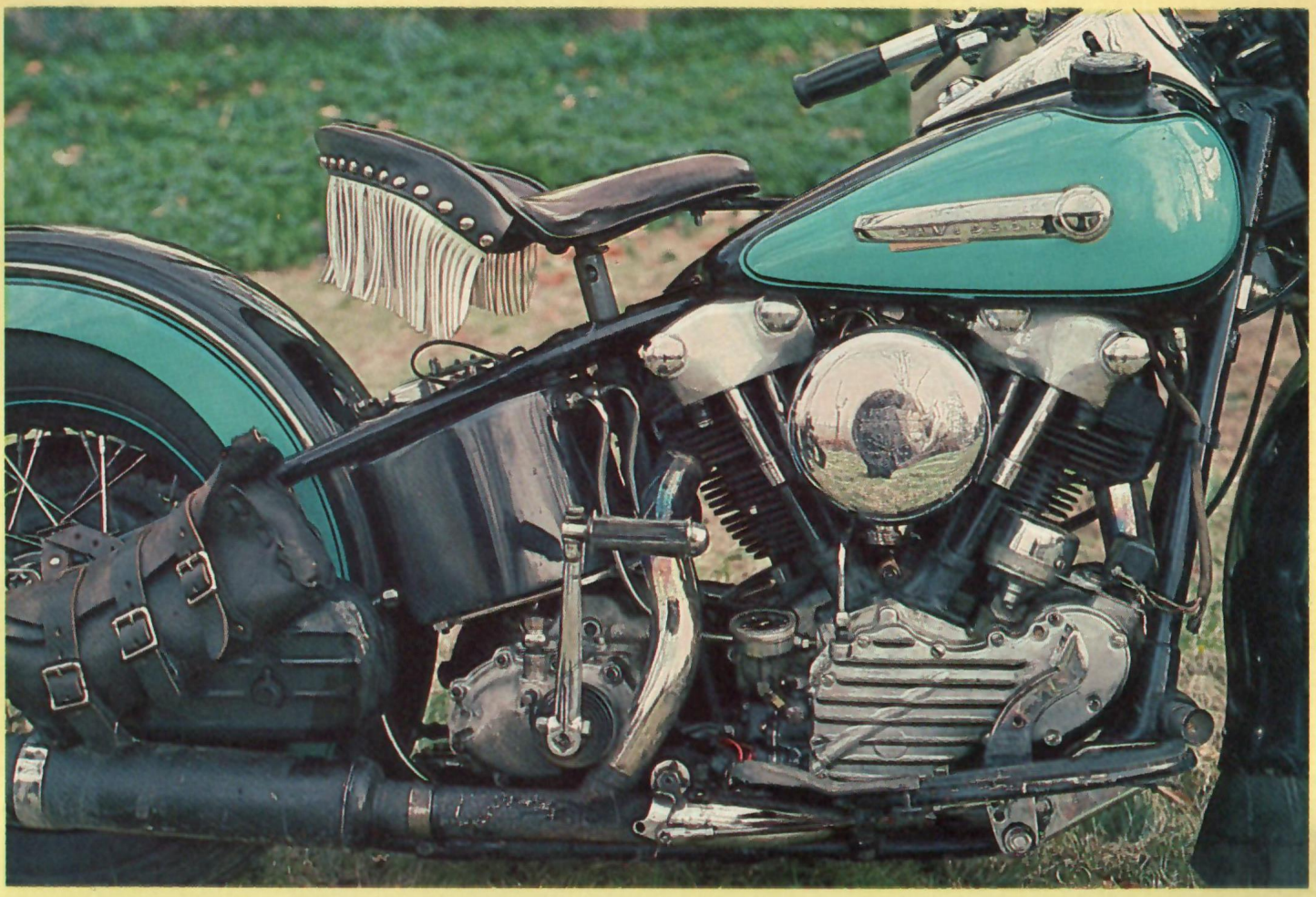


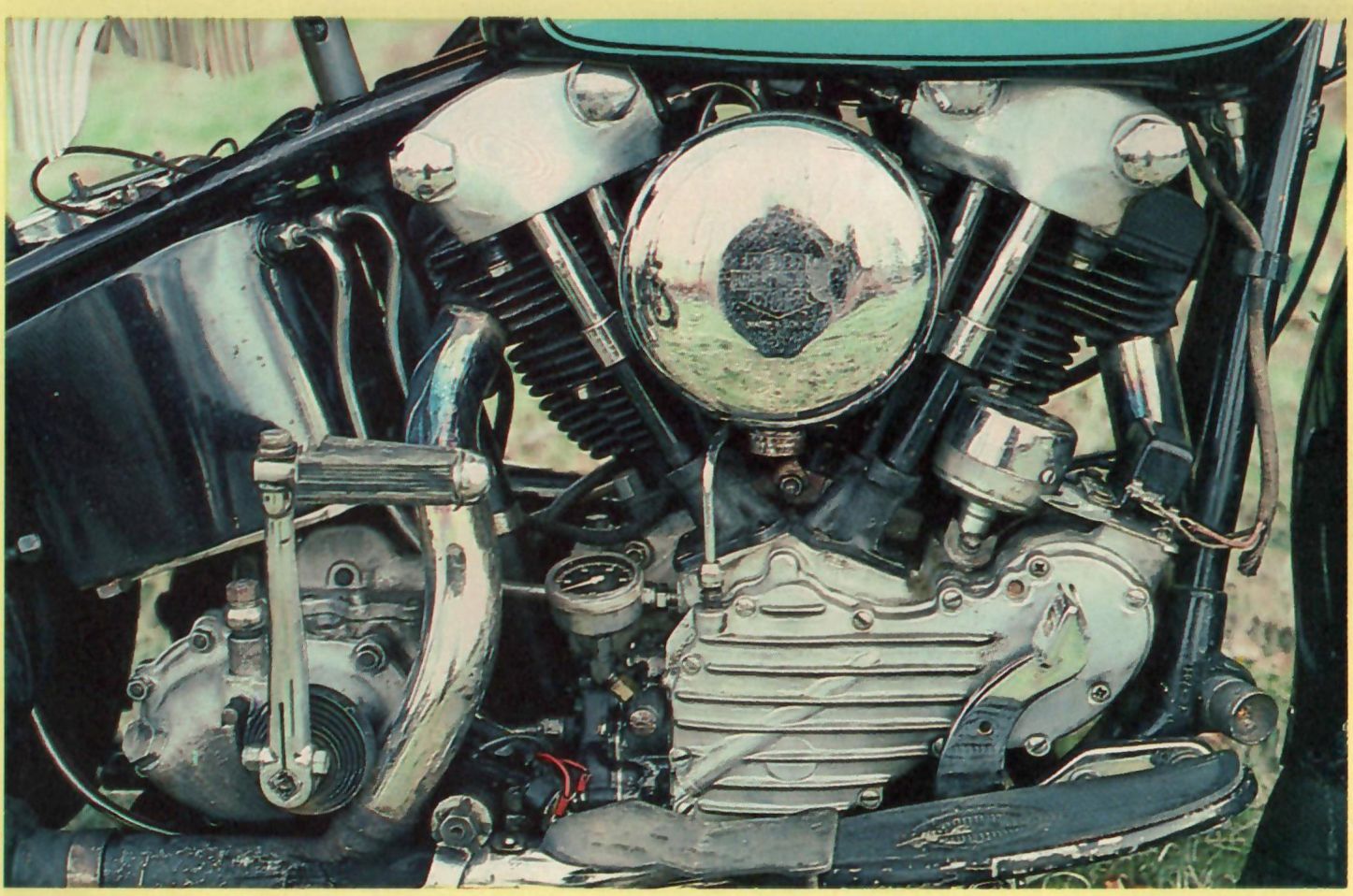
from any vet. Just like the WR, there is a concession to modern technology, as David used special "radar paint" for the bike which makes it difficult for enemy radar to pick up on it. Wonder how it handles speed traps.

The black and turquoise Knuckle has been David's main ride for the past 11 years. If you're wonderin about the color scheme poppin upon these rides, it's David's tribute to the old timer who first taught him to ride and who also rode a black and turquoise Knuckle.

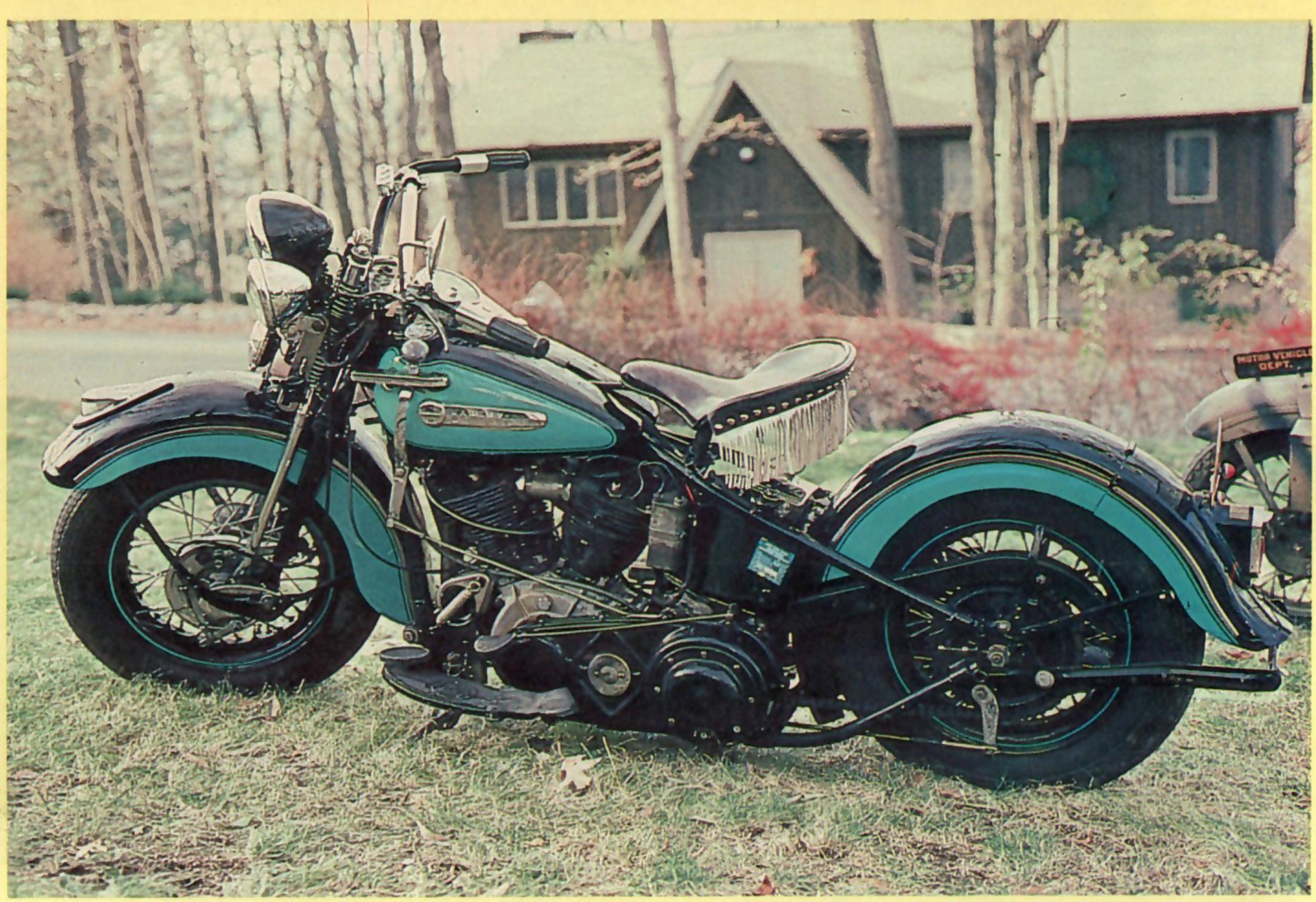
When David got the EL it was in a chopper frame with a purple paint job with lavender lacing, high bars and the whole nine yards. David took the engine and tranny and built up the classy ride from scratch, only to wreck it after a couple of months on the road. He got it up again and the Knuck has yet to be

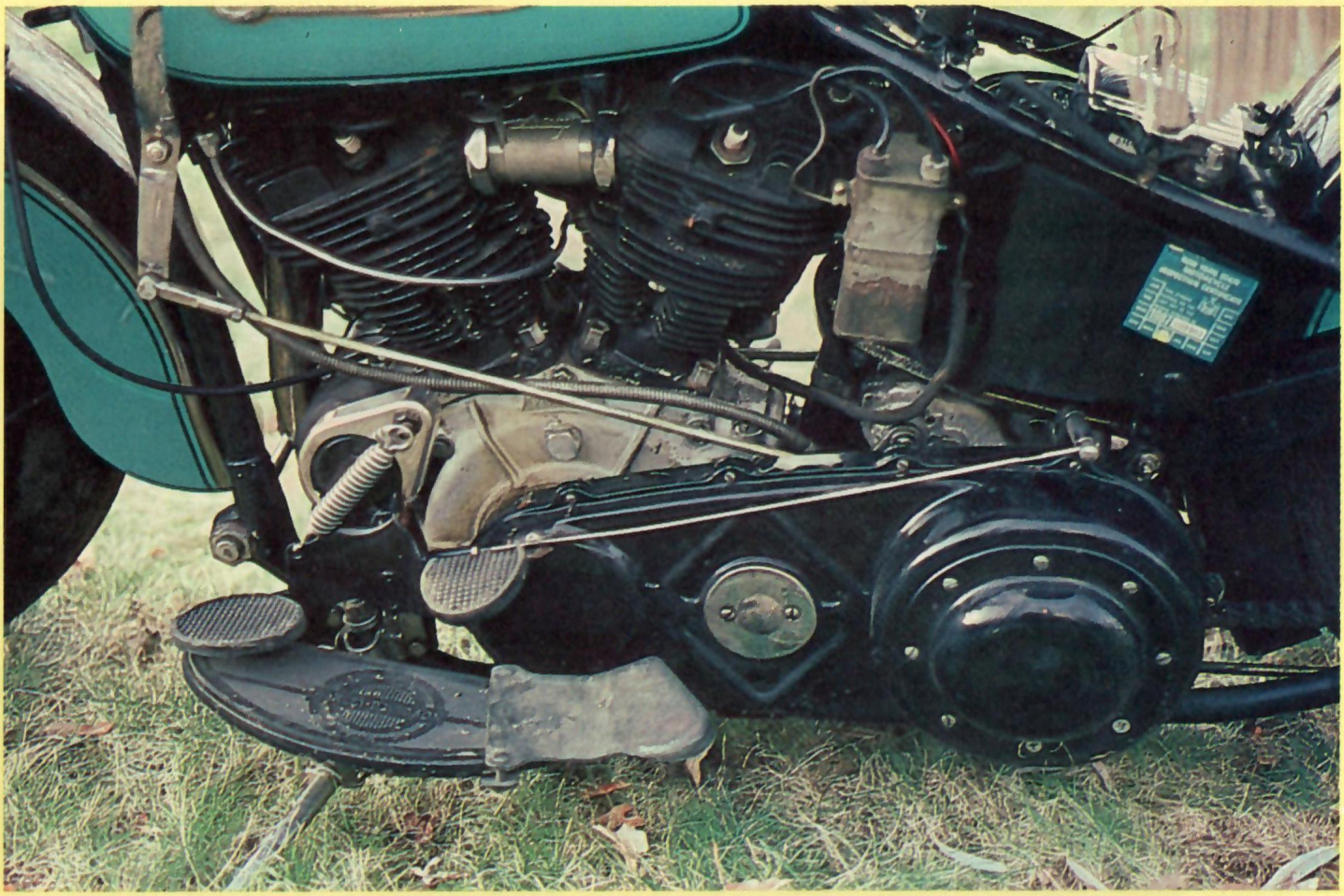
dethroned as his personal favorite — at least until he gets his Flathead 80 into that Harley Softail frame he's been tellin us about. Should be a clash of the Titans. □





PERSONAL BEST KNUCKLE





NO MOTOR, BUT IT RUNS!

1918 H-D Bicycle

Companies that moved into the twentieth century making American wheels often made some off-the-wall related stuff along the line. Studebaker began in the mid-1800s as a horse-drawn buggy company. Indian made outboard motors, aircraft engines, bicycles, and even a few cars along with their outstanding motorcycles. Harley-Davidson made bicycles before they started on motorcycles. H-D bicycles were top quality and very expensive and bicycle production continued through the early 1920s. This particular 1918 example is unrestored, in original condition, and features wood rims and metal spokes, with the company name cast into the crank and further identifed by a brass plate on the steering head. David Sarafan is justly proud of this bike, a sliver of curious American history.

STILL A SCREAMER

We should All Look So Good At 40

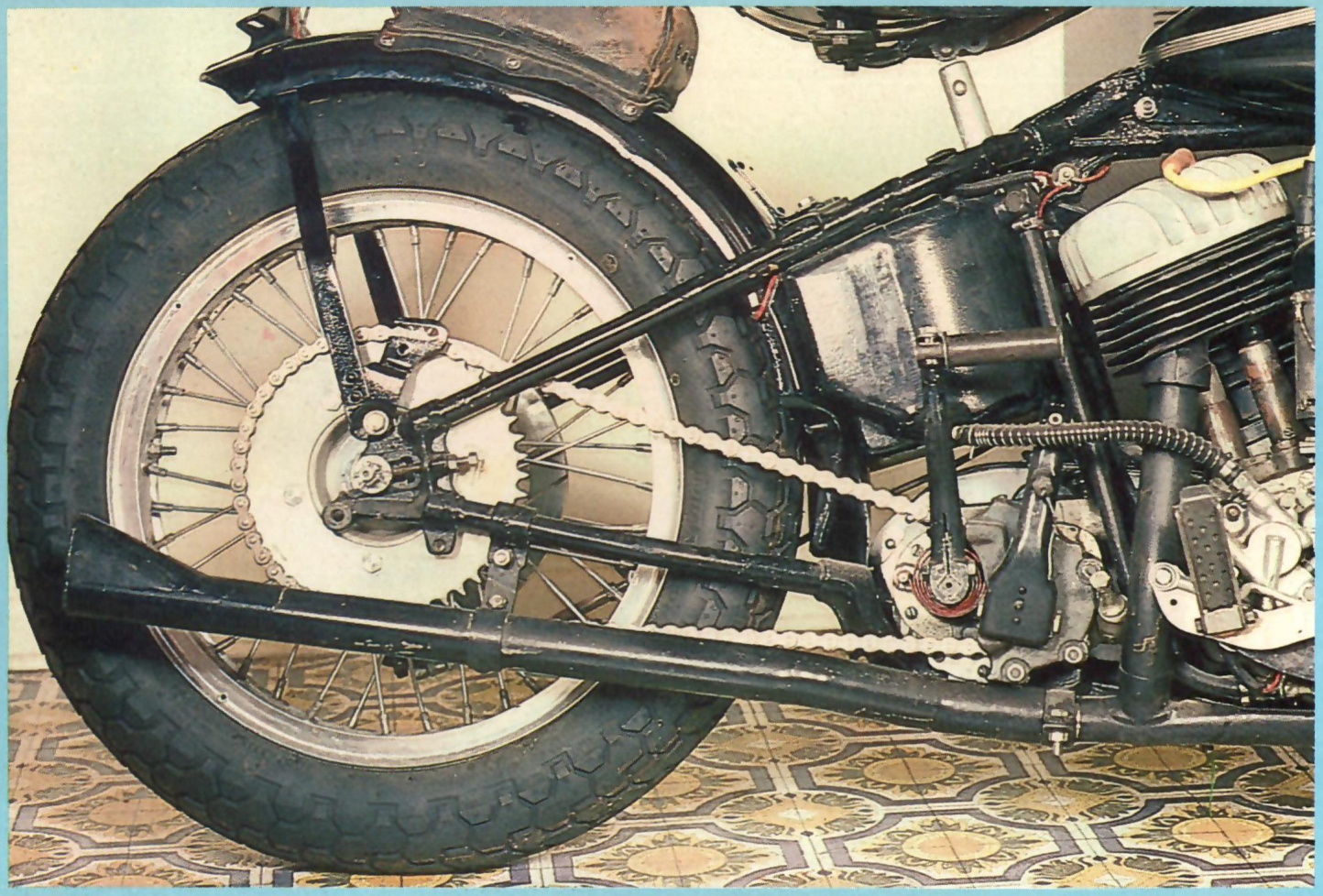
Well, we finally made it back up to Sarafan's Garage after promising a sequel to the "Raider of the Lost Hogs" story in our July '86 issue. As they say, — Better late than never, and it was lookin like it was going to be "never" for a while there as we kept missing connections with the globe trotting Sarafan. When we finally managed to catch up with him in the early part of December, he was in the process of uncrating a score he'd waited on for two years — a Kettenkrad in absolutely original, running condition. David was kind enough to take time out from his gloating to show us some of his other prized sleds, and reluctantly left the Krad in the capable hands of his mechanic who proceeded to to do burn outs on the 40 year old halftrack. You can check out this weird sickle elsewhere in the rag.

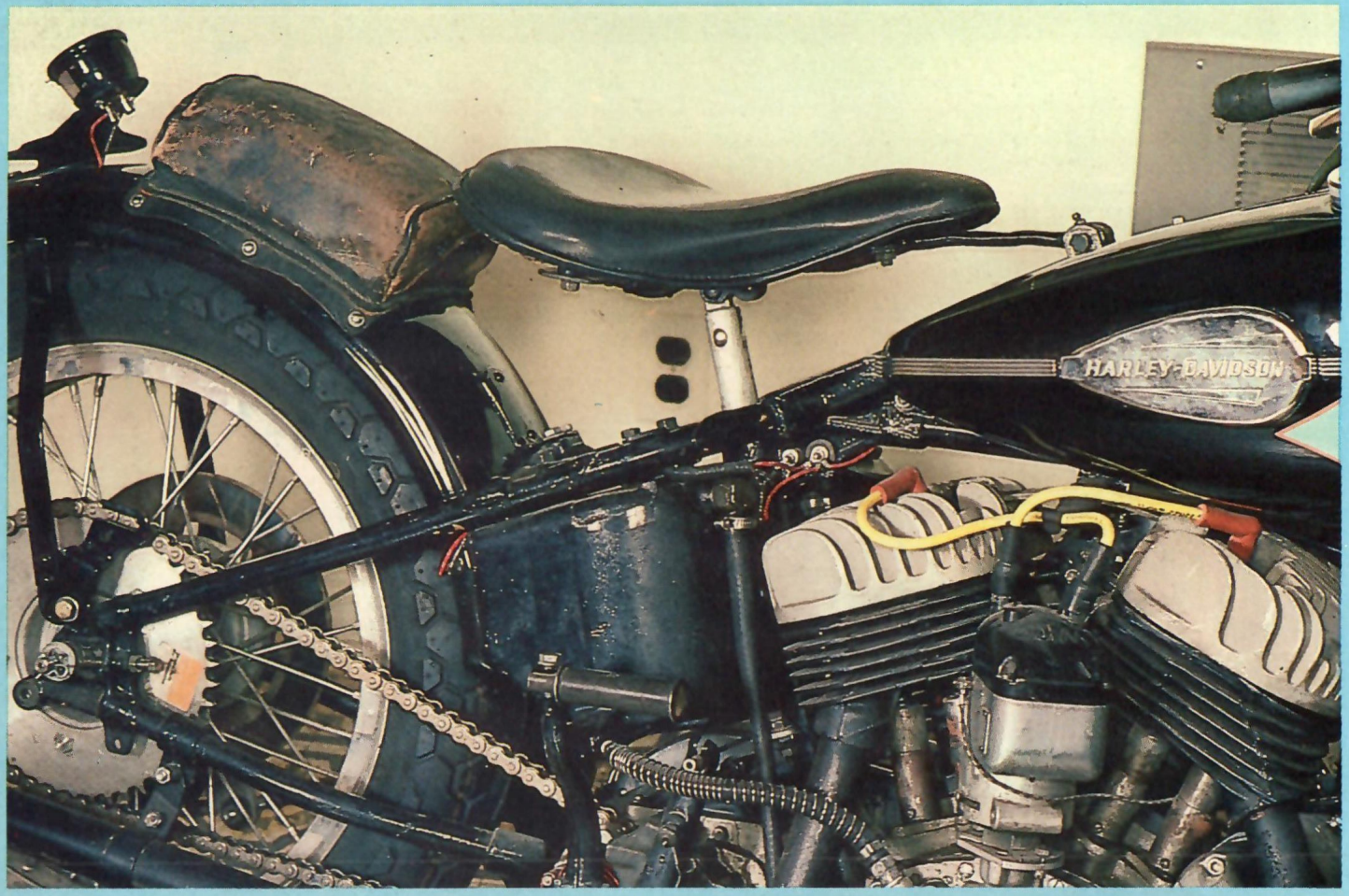
What we got for you right now, however ain't weird, just kickass. It's a 1946 WR Daytona which was Harley's

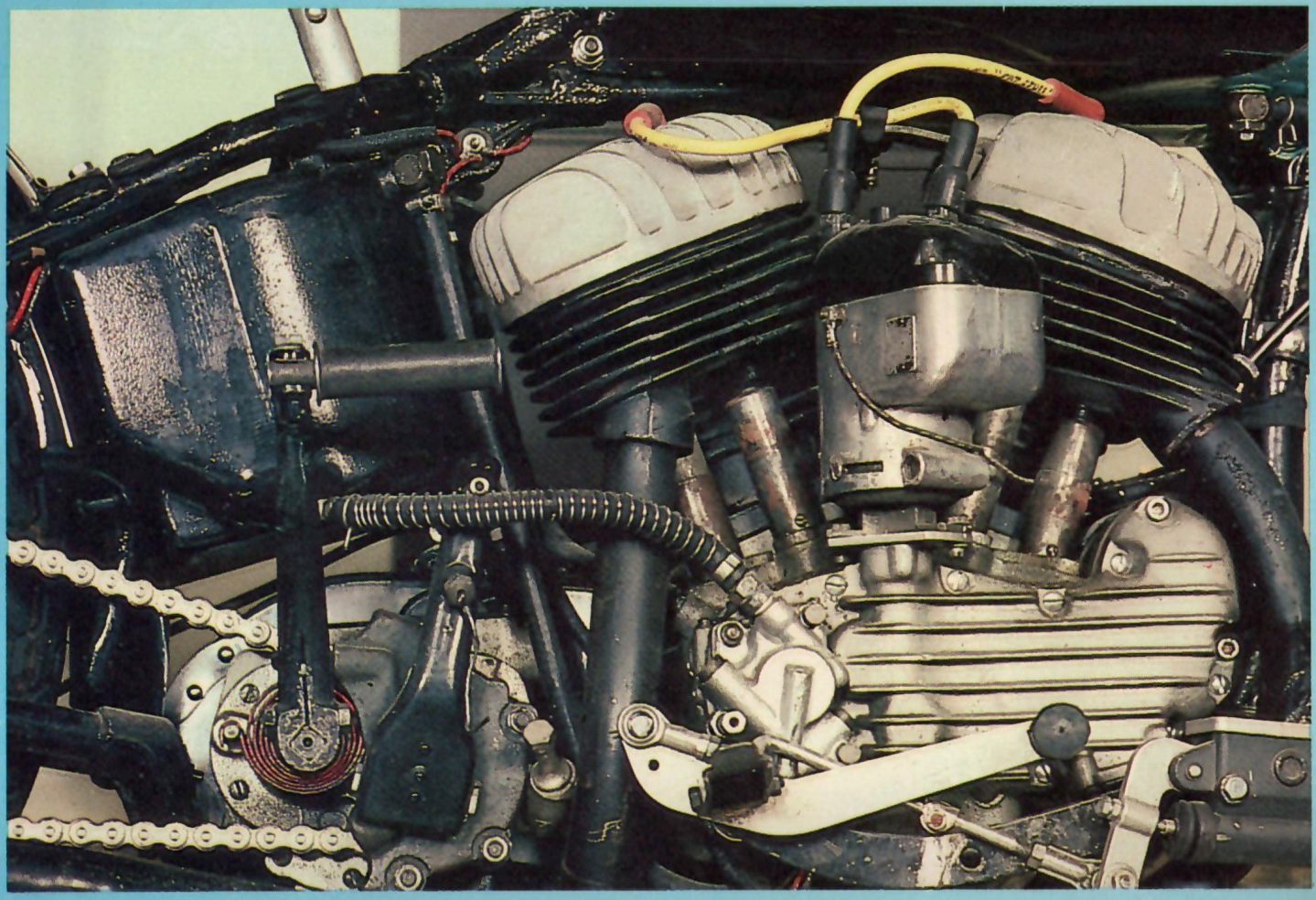
CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Story by P. Jim
Photos by Rocky DiRico

NAMED
ARMY




HARLEY-DAVIDSON



AS NEW ARMY
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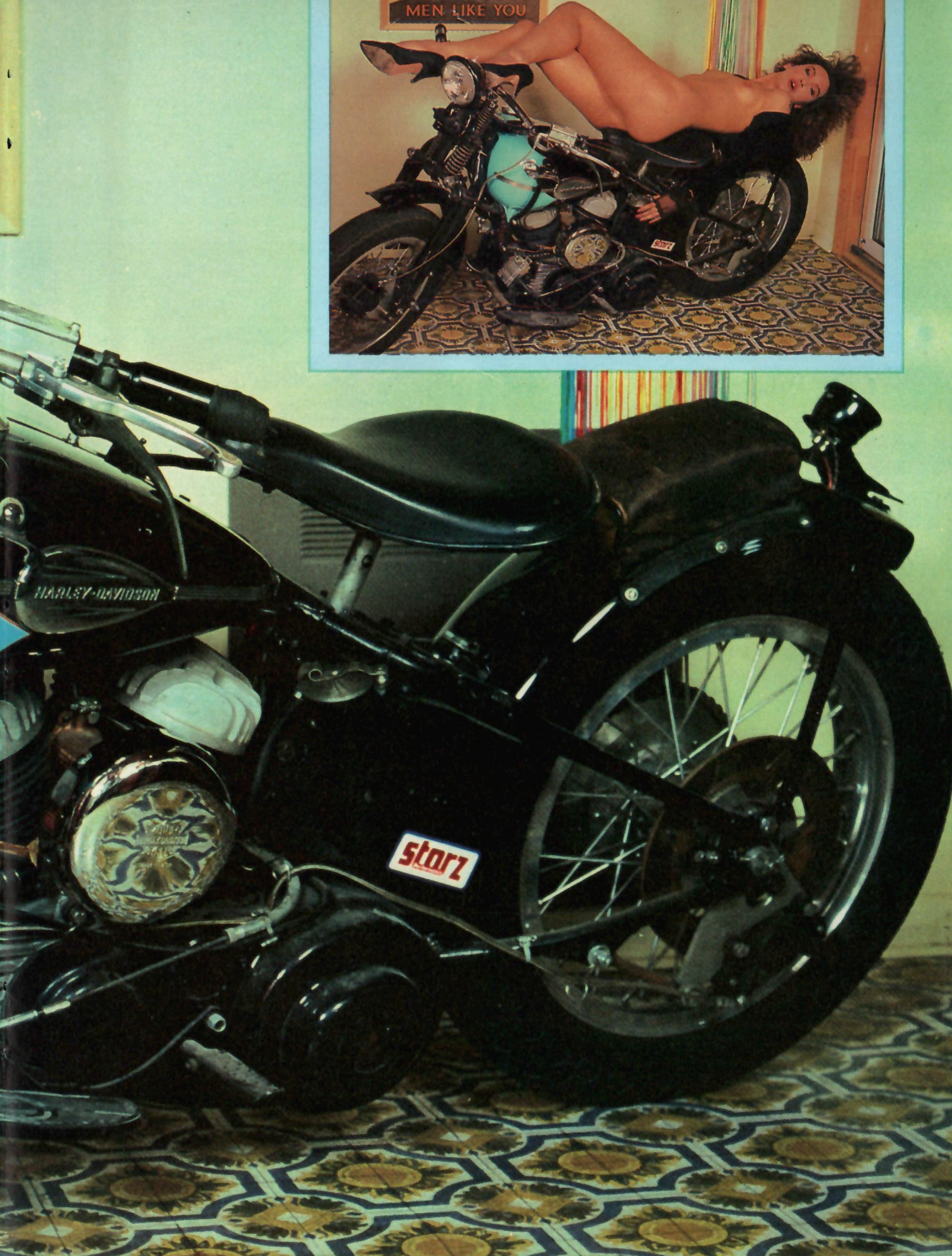
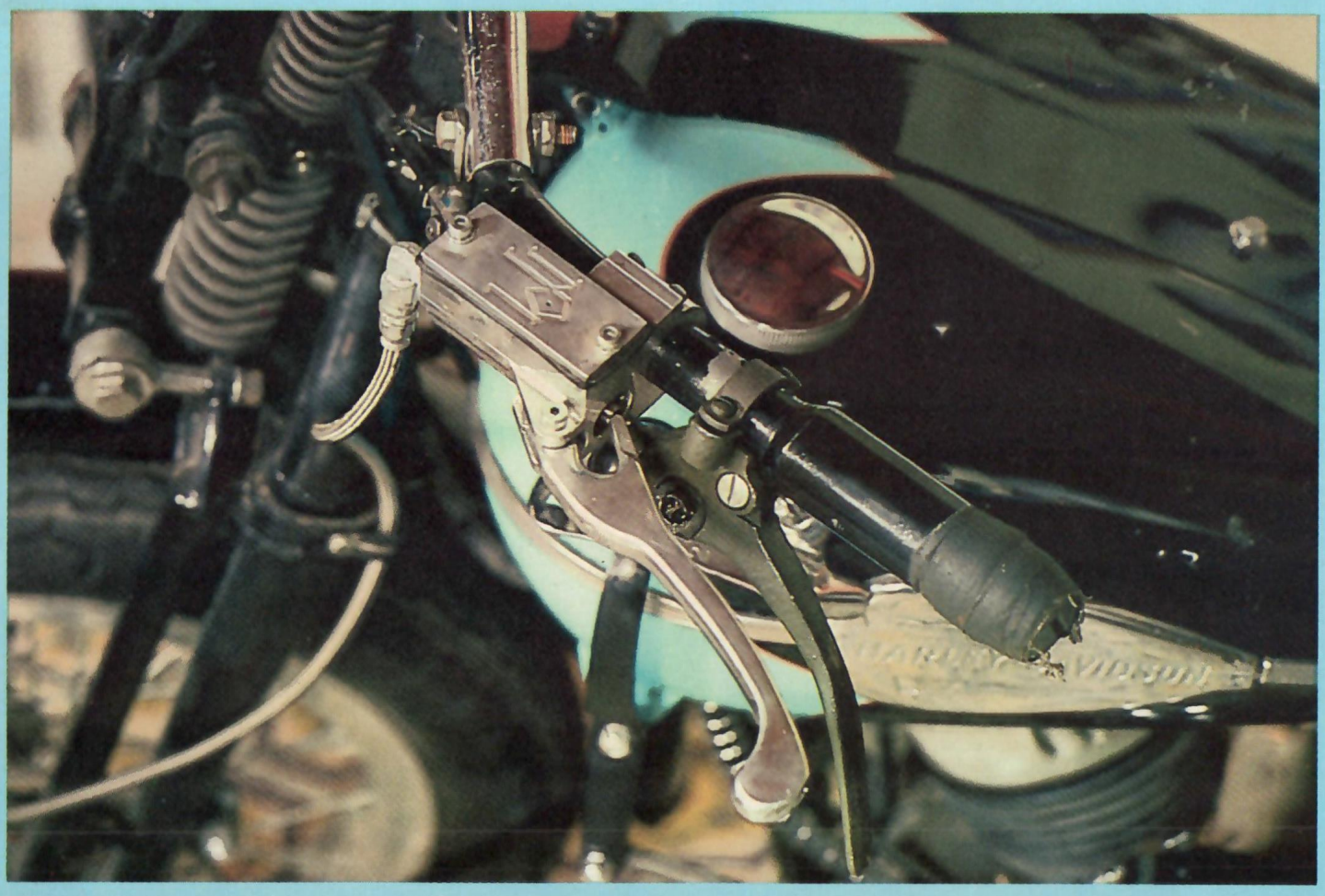
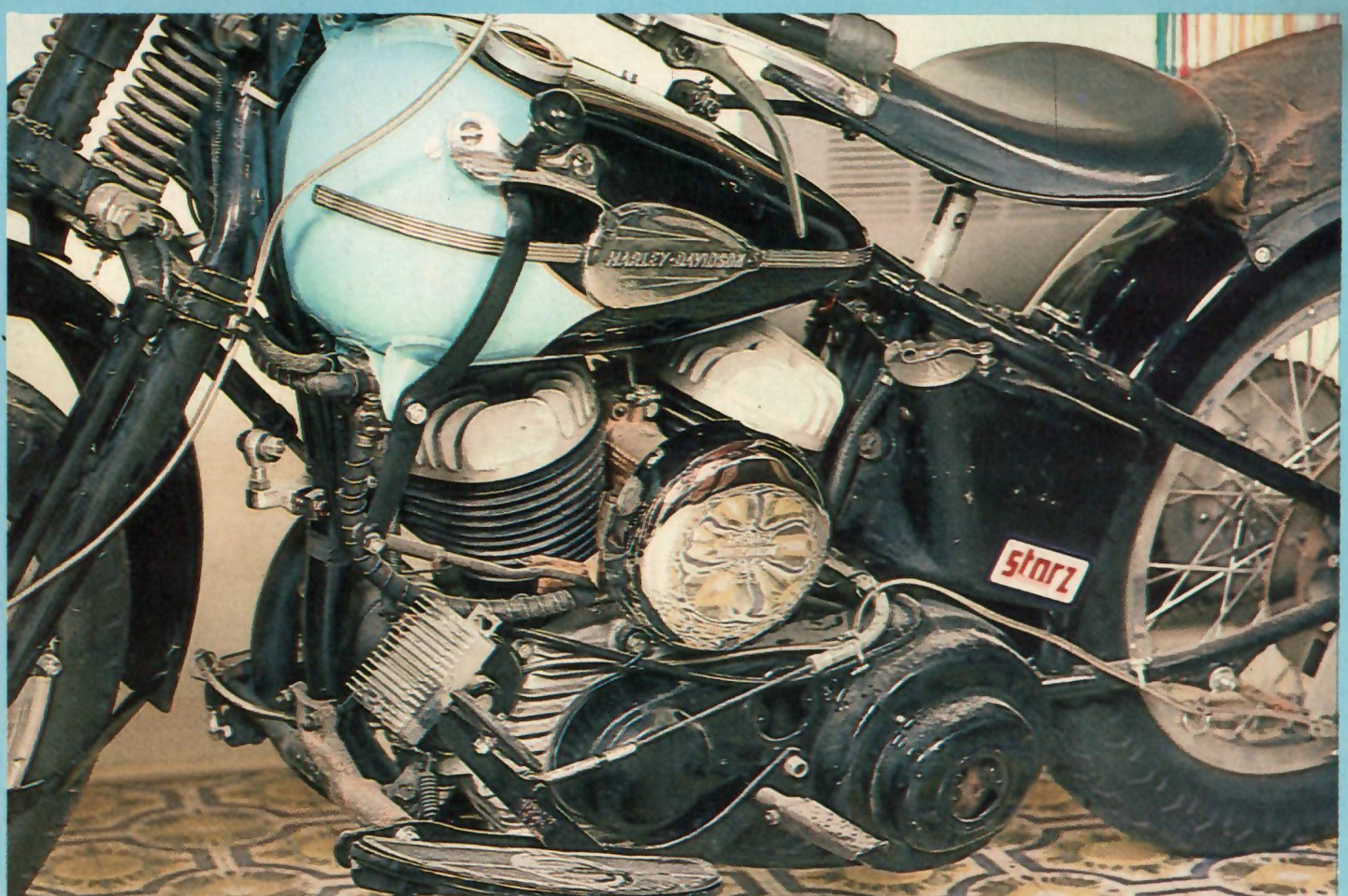

MEN LIKE YOU
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
starz

NEEDS
LIKE YOU
HARLEY-DAVIDSON



MEN
starz


HARLEY-DAVIDSON
starz

TECH SHEET

Owner: David Sarafan
City: Spring Valley, NY

General
Fabrication by: Owner/Steve Walt/Ron Tibbets
Year and Make: 1946 Harley-Davidson
Model: WR Daytona
Value: Unknown
Assembly By: Owner/Steve Walt/Ron Tibbets
Chroming: None

Engine
Year: 1946
Model: WR
Rebuilder: Gene Baron, Suffolk County H-D
Ignition: Wico Mag
Displacement: 45 cid
Lower End: Polished
Balancing: Gene Baron
Pistons: Stock
Cases: Early rights/ 46 left milled pin & gear
Heads: Milled and ported heads
Cams: Road racer
Lifters: Solids
Carbs: Linkert double venturi
Air Cleaner: H-D
Pipes: Stock
Mufflers: Homemade baffle

Frame
Year: 1946
Builder: Harley Davidson
Type: Racing
Rake: Stock
Stretch: Stock
Other Alterations: None

Accessories
Bars: Shortened
Risers: None
Fenders: Stock front and rear
Headlight: Fleamarket Bates
Taillight: Vincent/'39 Knuck bracket
Speedo: None
Front Pegs: H-D
Rear Pegs: None
Electrics: 12v voltpack
Gas Tank: 5 gallon racing
Oil Tank: 5 quart cast aluminum
Oil System: Stock
Primary Cover: H-D
Seat: K model.

Tranny
Modifications: Phase Three belt
Year: 1946
Shifting: Tank

Painting
Molding: None
Painter: ????
Color: Black and Turquoise
Type: Enamel
Special Paint: None

Forks
Type: Springer
Extension: Stock
Builder: New Old Stock
Special Features: Disc brakes

Wheels
Front Wheel: XR 750
Rear Wheel: XR750
Front Hub: H-D
Rear Hub: H-D
Front Tire: Dunlop V-rated
Rear Tire: Dunlop V-rated
Front Brake: Grimeca
Rear Brake: Grimeca

ARMY
start

1913 H-D BOARD TRACKER

This machine was originally a 1000cc racer but, as was common back in the golden age of motorcycle racing, the owners of these bikes rarely left em as they found em. This bike had one cylinder blanked off so that it could run in the smaller racing classes as a 30.50. It ran the mile and half mile boards until the sport died out in the late 20s. The pedals were fixed and functioned as footpegs, as the bike had to be push started. All the racer could do was to hold on for dear life since the bike had no clutch, no speeds, and no brakes. Even then motorcycling was an all or nothing proposition.

Gene Baron of Suffolk County H-D restored this bike from scraps for David and it now holds an esteemed place of honor in his loft. (and under Melanie's sweet ass).

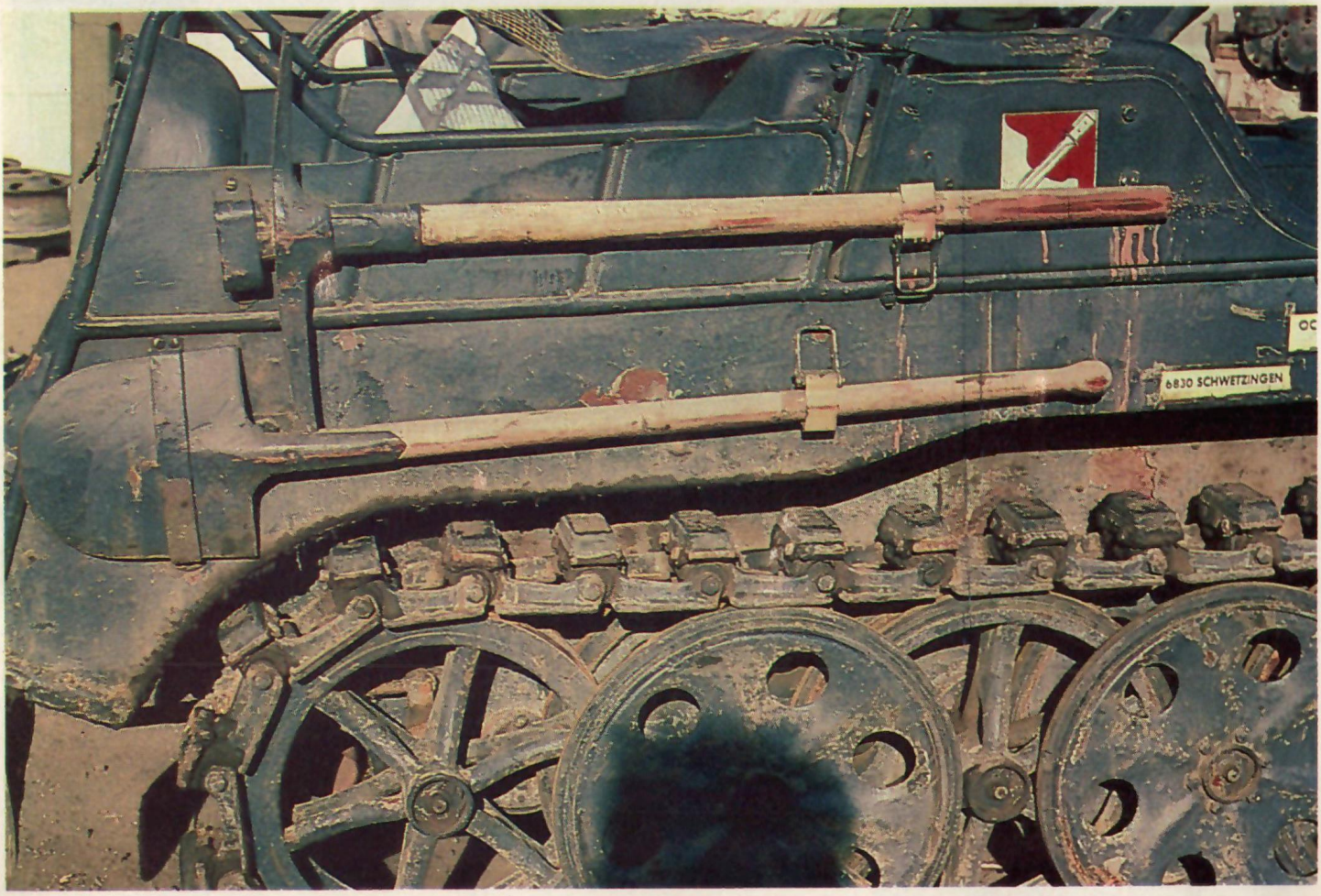
HARLEY-
DAVIDSON
Rider
DENNIS HOPPER
JACK
NICHOLSON
PETER FONDA
DENNIS HOPPER
WILLIAM HAYWARD

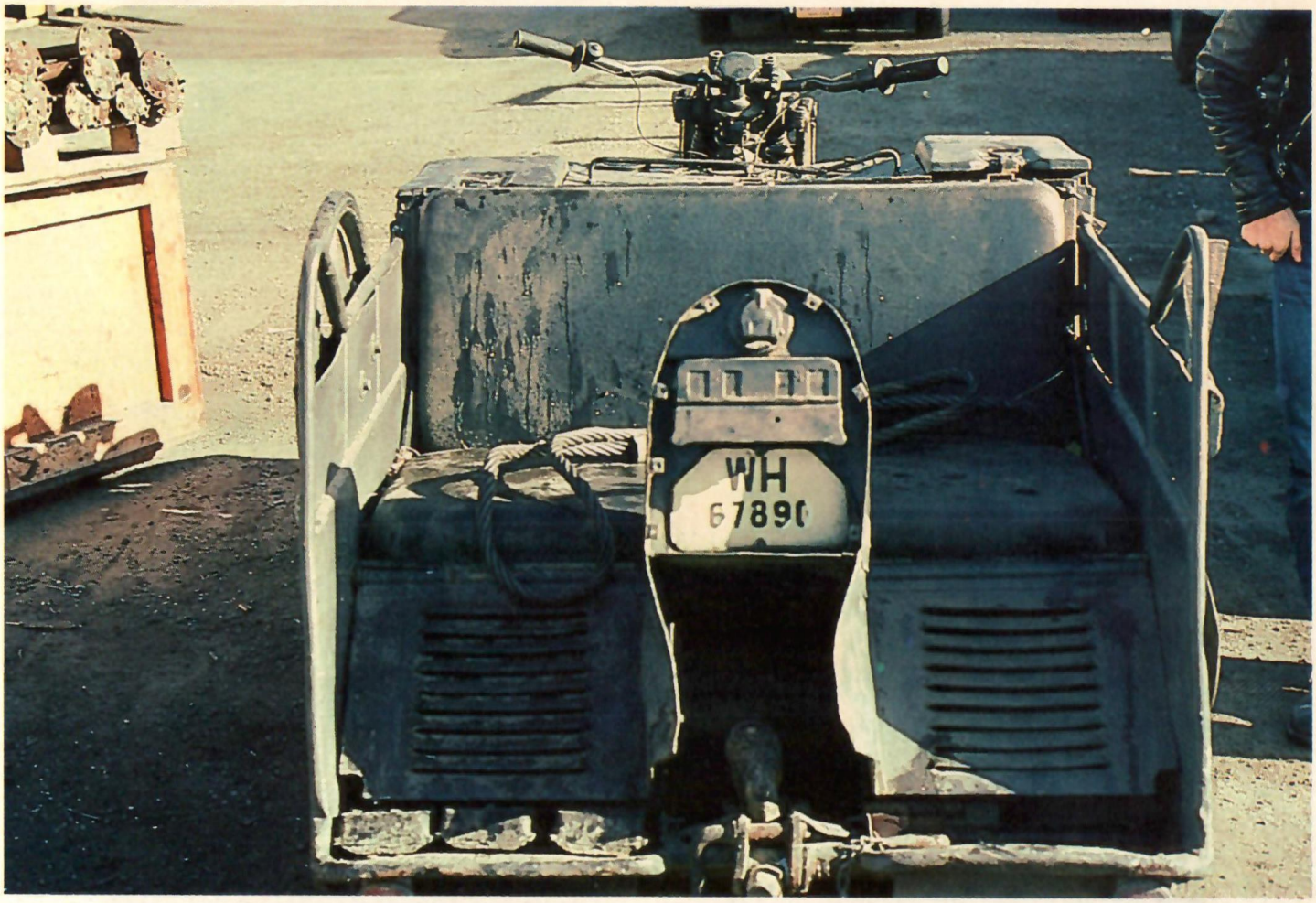
WH-67890
SU

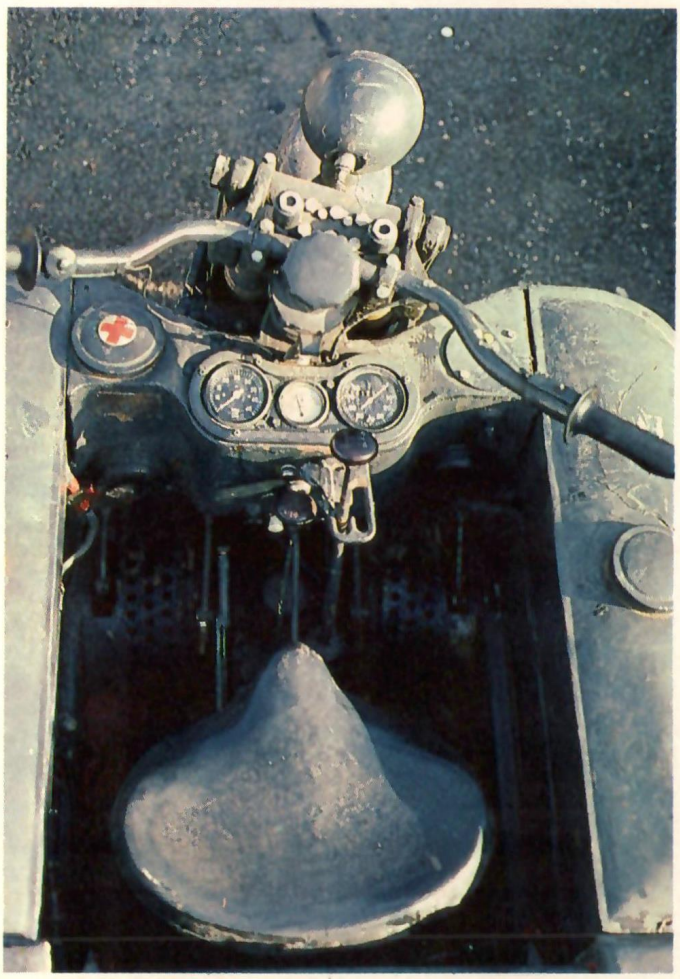
THE ULTIMATE PAVEMENT POUNDER

Everybody has different ways of dealing with being pissed off when there's no responsible nose to take a poke at. Depending on the problem and the degree of pissed-offedness I've seen bros jam a fist through sheetrock, get drunk, throw bowling balls over hand, stand in the street and yell "fuck" until their faces turned the color of a firetruck, get into a random fight ... just about anything as long as it's loud and fast. My personal favorite is the heart and soul of loud and fast: hitting the streets and trying to blow the piston rings out of my ancient flathead. And I got to tell you, brothers, that there are times of maximum pissed when even seventy-four cubes of uncorked flatbone just ain't enough.

WH-6:890


6830 SCHWETZINGEN





That's when I wish I had me a Kettenkrad.

Never mind that it looks like a John Deere crawler was spending its nights dorking a dirt bike and the offspring was delivered by a Drott crane. this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

The Winter Inside

By Flathead Fred

Two hundred and seventy five feet above the rocks and surf. Actually two hundred seventy four and seven inches according to the most recent survey. In the years since that night he'd become obsessive about this place, studied old and new maps, collected information like other people collected coins. Almost dead flat here at the crest of the point, a few yards south the land began a gradual roll-off, dropping only three feet of elevation in the first hundred feet of linear travel, then ten in the next hundred. The slope increased after that, fast, plunging down to a long crescent of white sand.

Out in the sea, a mean ice-pick blue on this winter day, the current rolled south, always south. The Japanese trade current. In the days when Spain was conquering the New World this was the galleon's express route back from the Philippines. They worked north past China and Japan, riding the current, past the Kamchatka Penninsula of Russia, cut across the north Pacific, and fairly whipped down the coast back to friendly harbors in Mexico. Three months, a relatively short trip for the iron men in wooden ships.

To his back, a half a mile inland through the scrub pines, was state route 32, a twisty, drunken-snake two-lane that didn't start any place special, end any place special, or pass through places most people want to see. Consequently there wasn't much traffic. The old maps showed it as Barker Road, a name he much preferred, Numbers are for telephones. Locals called it Barker Road. Ask for route 32 in Clovers and they won't know what the hell you're talking about.

He'd researched the road too. Named for Isaiah Barker, one of the first settlers in this area, farmer and fur trader. His sons made whiskey. Oh yes, he knew the land and its history. Curiously, to him, if this point had ever had a name he didn't know what it was. None of the old maps indicated one.

If he'd been inclined to name anything anymore, he'd have called it Susan's Point. Or, and the idea twisted his brittle lips into a faint smile, the Point of No Return. But he didn't name things these days, not even for himself. That was just another thing he'd lost, and he hardly even noticed it now. The dog was hey you and didn't care. The cats came to the rattle of a box of food.

On a shelf in his house was a piece of paper, a list of names that had never been used. A silly list when he looked at it now, a list made by a starry-eyed punk kid. A kid who hadn't been around the block enough times to know that dream's always die. Christ, the names on that paper: Bruce, Alan, Terry, Roger, Ben, Armstrong. He'd written down that last one after some road-weary knucklehead rider handed him the ancient joke in a roadhouse. Green kid on a panhead talking to the scarred old-timer, his young head so full of beer and handlebars that he actually ran out of ideas and just to keep the conversation going said, what kind of insurance you got?

Armstrong insurance, the guy said, and flexed his bicep. That motion lifted his leathers enough to show the man's extra protection, a .38-caliber anti-theft clause in a shoulder holster. The kid thought the joke was funny, and he was so young he hadn't heard it before. So he came home stumbling drunk and wrote down Armstrong. Great name for a kid, he thought.

Only there hadn't been any kids.

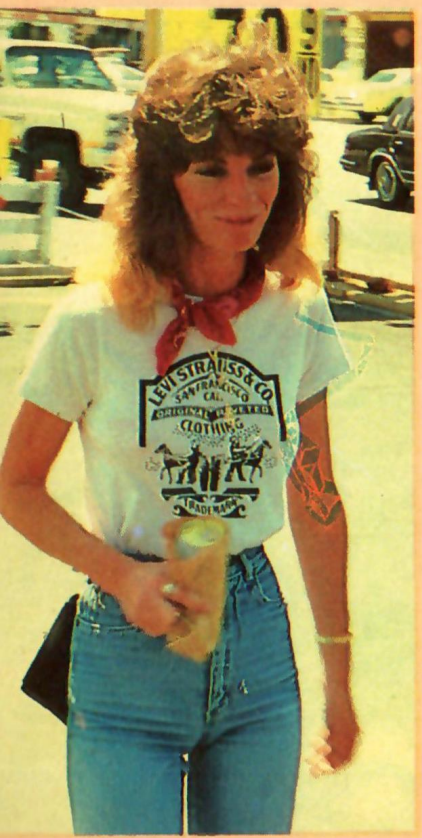
He'd also picked up the unspoken lesson from the knuckle rider, about the pistol. After that he carried his own Smith & Wesson against his ribs. He'd had it with him that night, right here.

Thirty of his fifty years ago, that night. He and Susan had left home early in the morning riding north. Going no place in

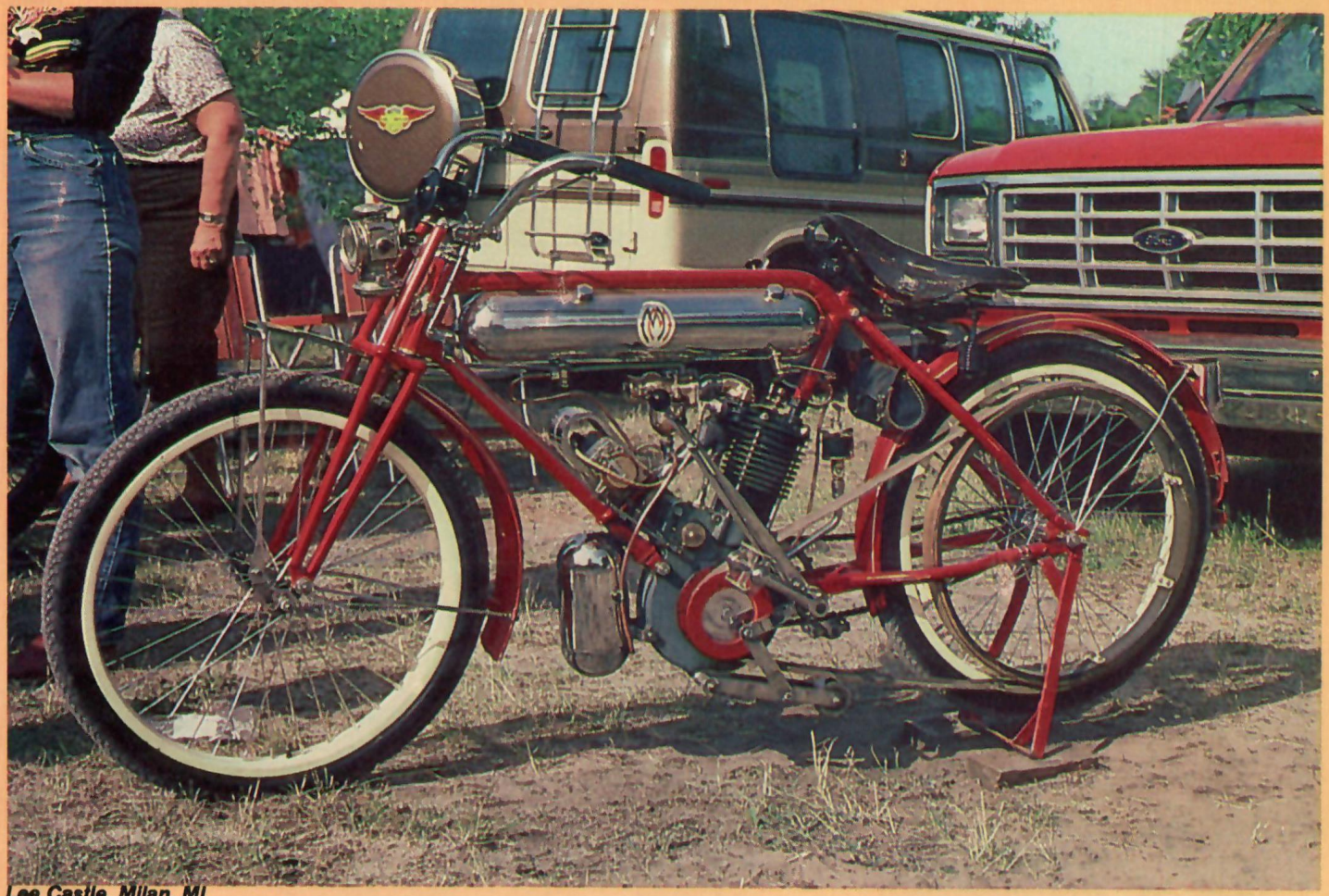
CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

OUR BROS Runnin' Free ON THE GO

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use negatives. We can use good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size), color slides (either 35mm or 2¼"x2¼"), exceptionally clear color prints. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah — we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo and $36 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to Iron Horse, P.O. Box 2163, New York, N.Y. 10116.



Both photos this page: Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Myers, FL



Lee Castle, Milan, MI

Lee Castle, Milan, MI

Dentine, Toledo, OH

Jr. Steelton, PA

Jr. Steelton,

Dentine, Toledo, OH

Lickum, Copenhagen, NY

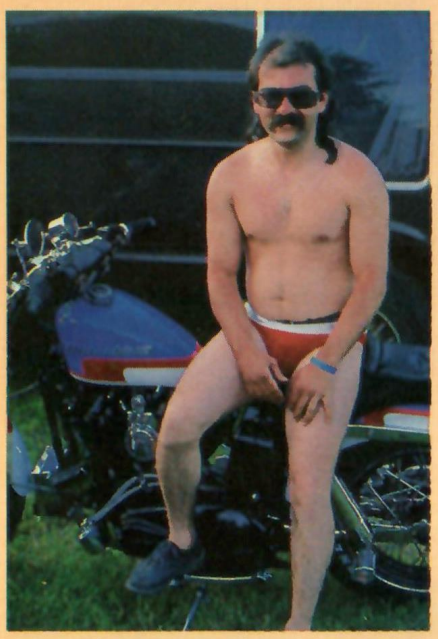
Wolf, Portageville, NY

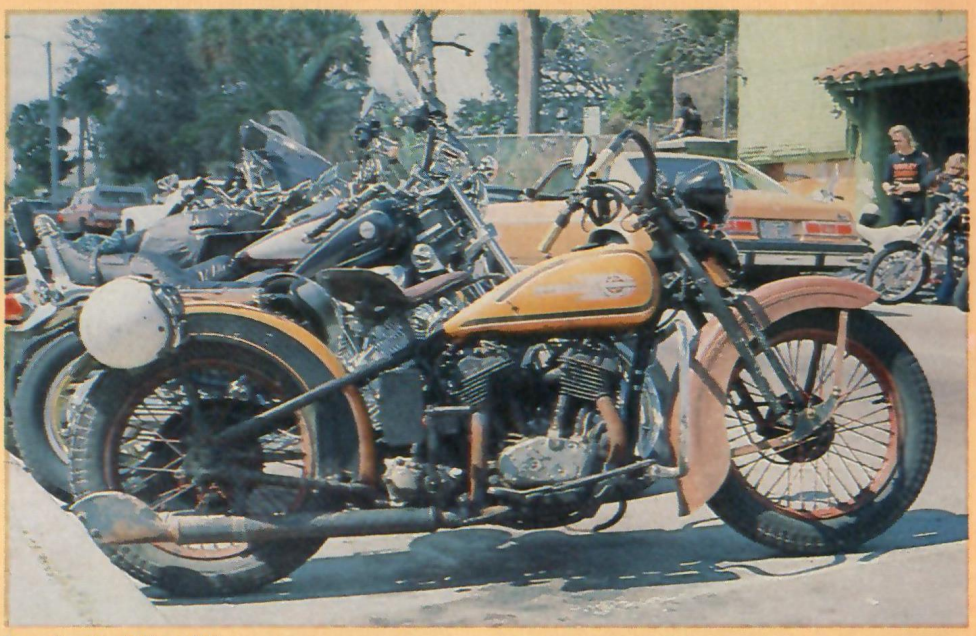
Ed's Photo, Hill City, SD

Wolf, Portageville, NY

Lee Castle, Milan, MI

Lee Castle, Milan, MI





Lee Castle, Milan, MI

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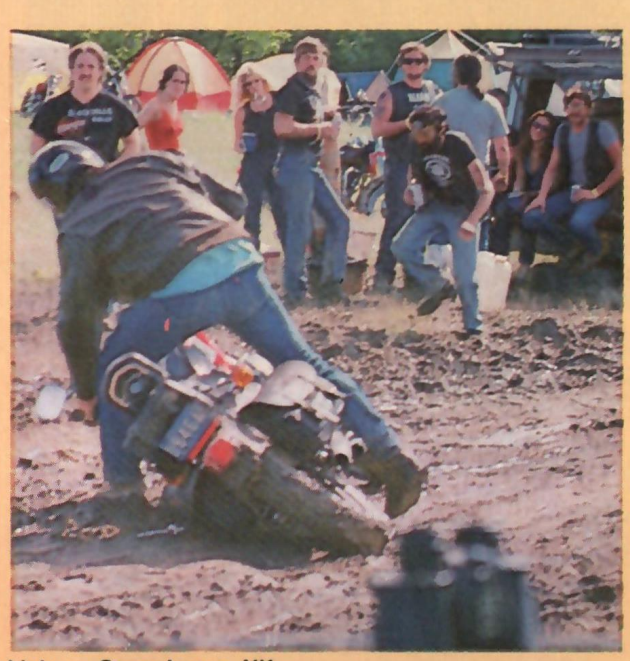

Lickum, Copenhagen, NY

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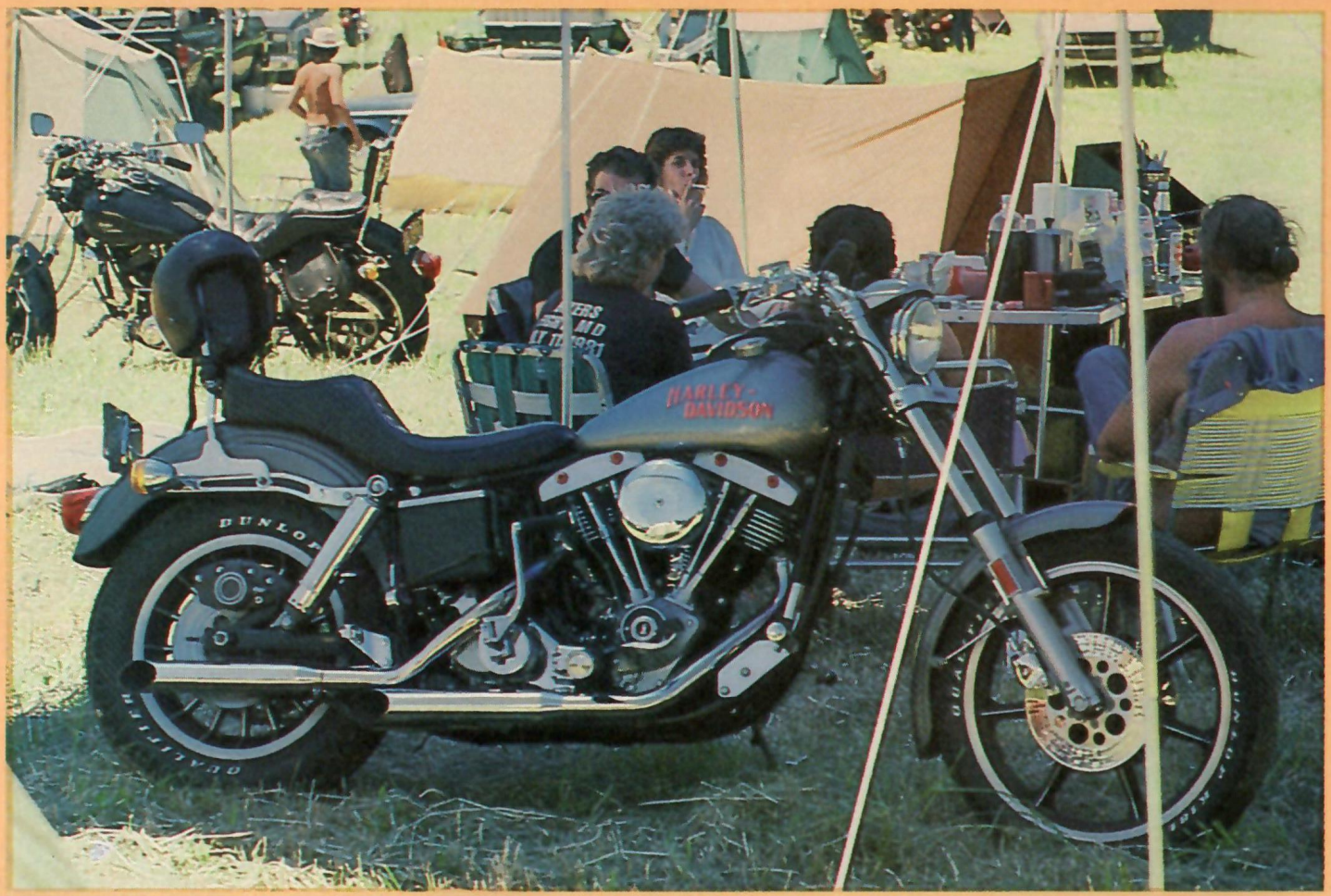
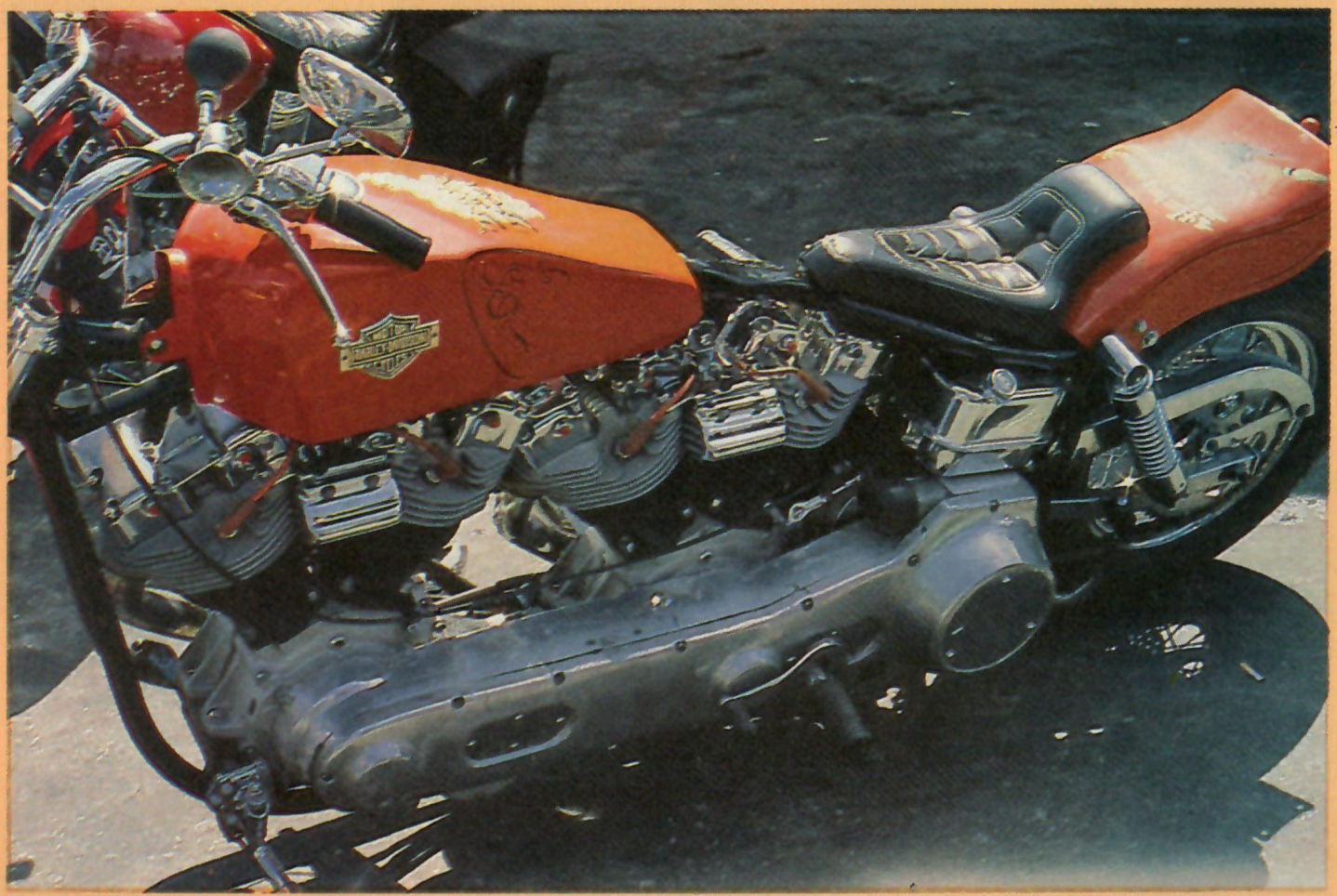


Jr. Steelton, PA

Ed's Photo, Hill City, SD

Ed's Photo, Hill City, SD

Wolf, Portageville, NY



All photos this page: Lee Castle, Milan, MI

LOOKIN' BACK
LOOKIN' BACK
LOOKIN' BACK

1947

ACCESSORIES THAT SATISFY

THICK, SOFT, SHEEPSKIN *Saddle Covers*

RED — BLUE — NATURAL

Comfort — Beauty

Never have you seen such thick, long wool on sheepskin saddle covers as we now supply. Your riders will go for these in a big way. These sheepskin covers have the look of comfort written all over them. For a soft seat they can't be beat. Available not only in the natural color but also in two extremely attractive shades of Red and Blue. These must be seen to be appreciated. For solo or Buddy Seat.

			Code
11352-44B	Blue Solo Sheepskin Saddle Cover	$4.95	eyjil
11352-44R	Red Solo Sheepskin Saddle Cover	4.95	eyjlo
11353-44B	Blue Buddy Seat Sheepskin Saddle Cover	7.95	eyjos
11353-44R	Red Buddy Seat Sheepskin Saddle Cover	7.95	eyjru
11351-44	Natural Sheepskin Saddle Cover—Solo—Two Piece	3.25	eyjux
11352-44	Natural Sheepskin Saddle Cover—Solo	3.95	evwse
11353-44	Natural Sheepskin Saddle Cover—Buddy Seat	6.25	evwug

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

HANDSOME HELMETS

QUALITY PLUS!

Styled For Perfect Fit . . . .

Fine Cloth

SPORTY STYLED CLOTH HELMETS

GABARDINE HELMETS . . . Very popular . . . and justly so . . . this luxurious looking helmet is ideal for summer riding activities . . . cool . . . practical . . . washable . . . made from the finest sanforized, mercerized gabardine. Expertly tailored . . . it fits to perfection with web chin strap fitted with buckle that stays fixed at any point. For the rider who appreciates smart appearance and riding comfort, these helmets are just the thing.
Supplied in White or Tan and in Small, Medium and Large sizes.

			Code
11060-37W	White Helmet with wing emblem	$1.40	byvew
11060-37T	Tan Helmet with wing emblem	1.40	byvgy
11066-37W	White Helmet less wing emblem	1.25	byune
11066-37T	Tan Helmet less wing emblem	1.25	byuof
11773-36	Harley-Davidson Wing Emblem only	.25	blupu

LEATHER HELMET

Moleskin Lined

This moleskin lined, black leather helmet is the most practical and comfortable helmet available for cold, blustery weather . . . lined with the finest high grade moleskin . . . you will thrill to the touch of the moleskin on your face. Close fitting . . . front to rear seam style . . . loops for goggles. Aviator type chin strap adds greatly to the appearance as well as adding to that snug trim fit so greatly appreciated. Can be worn either under or at the point of the chin. Supplied in Black only and in Small, Medium and Large sizes.

			Code
11064-41	Black Moleskin Lined Helmet	$4.95	evtku

Moleskin Lined

"Clipper"

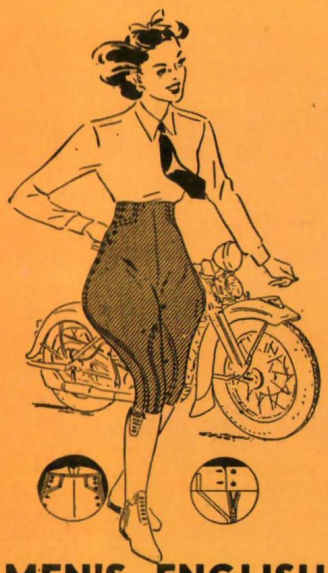
SOFT . . . SMOOTH . . . SUPPLE . . .
UNLINED LEATHER HELMET

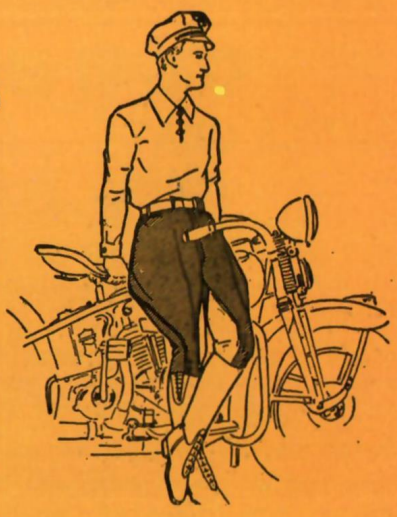
An exclusive helmet far ahead of the field in design and workmanship, that's the Harley-Davidson "Clipper" helmet now available. Perfect fit, made from smooth, supple glove leather. Popular aviator type chin strap adding greatly to the appearance as well as adding to that snug trim fit so greatly desired. Loops for goggles. All seams sewed flat. Steam blocked and pressed. Each helmet bears the Harley-Davidson "Clipper" label.
Available in Tan, Black and White. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large.

			Code
11065-41B	Black Clipper Helmet (unlined)	$4.25	evsem
11065-41T	Tan Clipper Helmet (unlined)	4.25	evsgo
11065-41W	White Clipper Helmet (unlined)	4.25	evsir

ACCESSORIES THAT SATISFY

RIDING BREECHES *That Please*





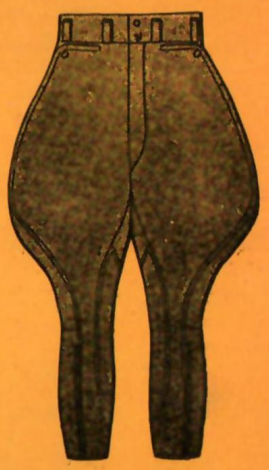
Never has there been as big a demand for smart, good looking, high quality riding breeches as now. Riders, both ladies and men, realize the importance of good grooming and safety. The Harley-Davidson line of riding breeches, designed especially for motorcyclists, as shown here, offers your riders a choice of quality, medium priced breeches that will meet the most exacting demands of all.
These breeches are the most practical and smart looking wearing apparel for motorcyclists. The strong weaves and fine materials make them extremely durable even when subjected to the hardest wear. Little sales talk is needed to sell these.

MEN'S ENGLISH MILITARY BREECHES

These beautifully cut English Military breeches cannot be equaled for style or quality. These high quality, part wool, breeches will appeal to the most discriminating buyer. Made from closely woven, part wool, black material of excellent wearing strength. Full grain leather facings used at the knees. Button top pockets. . . zipper fly and leg openings. Sizes 28" to 40" in standard length, 34" to 38" in long, and 28" to 34" in shorts.

			Code
11098-46	Men's English Military Breeches	$11.75	eytug

MEN'S WESTERN MODEL BREECHES



These Western style Breeches are made of the finest quality mercerized and sanforized cotton gabardine. Extra wide waistband—zipper fly and leg openings. Button pockets and sanforized shrunk. Gabardine has always been popular with riders because it is cool and comfortable and ideally adapted to motorcyclists. These breeches have a wonderful sheen or lustre that will not be lost in dry cleaning. Breeches are cut to allow plenty of room for action and comfort. All pockets are deep and roomy. Carried in stock in even sizes from 28 to 40 in standard lengths, 28 to 32 in shorts, and 30 to 34 in longs. Available in either BLACK or TAN.

			Code
11097-47B	Black Western Style Breeches	$9.95	eytob
11097-47T	Tan Western Style Breeches	9.95	eytse

MEN'S MAC MODEL BREECHES

These breeches are made of that ever popular material "Chino Kahki", woven to U. S. Government Specifications. Sanforized shrunk, zipper fly and leg openings, large double seat and knee. Your riders will like these breeches because of their style and the satisfactory service they will give at a minimum cost. In sizes 28 to 40 in standard lengths. 28 to 34 in shorts and 30 to 38 in longs.

			Code
11099-46	Men's Mac Model Breeches	$6.95	eytwi

HIGH QUALITY LADIES BREECHES

Smart Styling . . . High Quality . . . this smart English cut ladies breech is beautifully tailored to please the style conscious girl motorcyclists. Made of closely woven, part wool, this breech will give long wear and retain its good looks indefinitely. Leather knee patches—zipper side openings and leg openings. You girl riders will like these. Sizes 24 to 36 in standard lengths only.

			Code
11092-46	High Quality Ladies Breeches, Black	$11.75	eythu

LADIES GABARDINE BREECHES

These tan breeches are made of the finest quality mercerized and sanforized cotton gabardine, same as used in the men's western style breeches. English cut, they have style and comfort as their best selling features. Zipper side and zipper leg openings. Your girl riders will look and feel their best in these breeches. Even waist sizes 24 to 36.

			Code
11094-46	Ladies Gabardine Breeches, Tan	$9.50	eytna

RANCHO FRONTIER PANTS

The Rancho Frontier Pants introduced by Harley-Davidson this year are proving very popular with our girl riders. Made of high quality mercerized and sanforized cotton gabardine, in either Tan or Black. They have two button polo style top pockets—lined waist band with zipper opening on the side. Bar tacked at all strain points and carefully finished seams that will stand hard wear. Double knees and seat. Even sizes 24 to 36.

			Code
11093-47T	Rancho Frontier Pants, Tan	$8.75	eytly
11093-47B	Rancho Frontier Pants, Black	8.75	eytiv

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

CLUB SHIRTS

SILVER GRAY — LIGHT TAN — BRIGHT BLUE
SWELL FOR CLUB UNIFORMS

Now you can again outfit your riders in a high quality shirt designed especially for motorcyclists. Designed by men who personally know the needs of motorcycle riders.

Made of the nationally famous "Soulette" poplin material—sanforized, fast color and styled to please the most exacting rider. Your choice of three beautiful colors — SILVER GRAY — BRIGHT BLUE — LIGHT TAN.

These shirts are expertly tailored, have two roomy pockets, button down collar tabs and all are trimmed with the Harley-Davidson wing emblem over the left pocket. One pocket has a section for an eversharp. Adjustable cuffs, made possible by two sets of buttons, assures a snug fit around the wrist. While one button on the sleeve slit prevents any open gap there. Splendid shirts for the entire club. They compare favorably with the very best dress shirts available. Prices on these tailored club shirts are very moderate. Due to our purchasing power and the standardizing of sizes (the size range as listed below should fit all riders) we have been able to secure very attractive prices. This saving we are passing on to you, take advantage of it.

			Code
11031-XA	Club Shirt—Light Tan	$5.95	eyjuy
11031-XB	Club Shirt—Bright Blue	5.95	eyjxa
11031-XC	Club Shirt—Silver Gray	5.95	eyjyb

HAVE YOUR CLUB NAME EMBROIDERED ON SHIRT

Should you desire you can have your Club Name neatly embroidered in script style lettering on the back of these shirts and the individual's name embroidered over the right pocket. Choice of colors.

		Code
11031-47A—Club Shirt—Light Tan—Lettered	$7.50	eykae
11031-47B—Club Shirt—Bright Blue—Lettered	7.50	eykei
11031-47C—Club Shirt—Silver Gray—Lettered	7.50	eykim

Simple embroidered outline designs of club insignia or emblems can be put on at very little extra cost. More complicated designs are charged for at minimum prices. Pure silk yarn or fast colors are used exclusively. All knots are hand tied, hence no unraveling or unsightly embroidery.
These shirts are available only in the following standard sized neck bands and sleeve lengths:

Collar Sizes	13½	14	14½	15	15½	16	16½	17
Sleeve Lengths	32	32	32	32	32	33	33	33
		33	33	33	33	34	34	34
				34	34	35	35	

BE SURE TO SPECIFY PROPER SIZES, AND COLOR OF EMBROIDERY (IF ANY) WITH YOUR ORDER

KEEP COOL — WEAR "T-SHIRTS"

WHITE *SILVER GRAY*

Popular before the war and further popularized by the Army & Navy during the war, T-Shirts are an item your riders will all wear. Available in White or Silver Gray the Harley-Davidson T-Shirts are a high quality cotton shirt, snug-fitting, light, ideal for spring and summer wear. An attractive Harley-Davidson winged trade-mark in two fast colors, Red and Yellow, is processed on the front of each shirt. Easily laundried with the rest of the wash. Available only in dozen lots consisting of three small, six medium and three large. Order a dozen today!

			Code
11034-XG	Silver Gray T-Shirt	$1.60 ea.	eykko
11034-XW	White T-Shirt	1.60 ea.	eykot

SPECIAL LETTERING ON T-SHIRT

On an order of two dozen or more you can have any special lettering or design processed in one color on the back of the T-Shirt at slight extra cost. Your Motorcycle Club will be happy to hear about this as it will give them a chance to outfit their entire Club, at a low cost, in T-Shirts with their Club Name and design on the back.

			Code
11035-XG	Silver Gray T-Shirt—Lettered	$1.85 ea.	eykpu
11035-XW	White T-Shirt—Lettered	1.85 ea.	eykuy

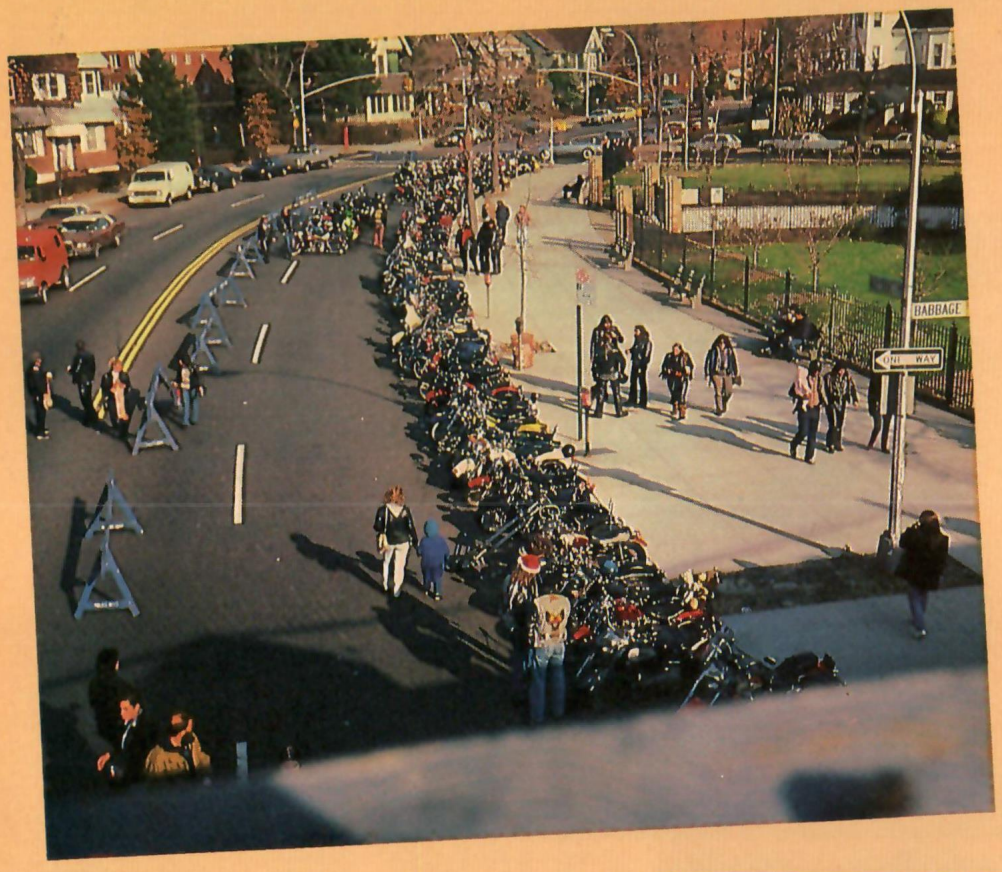
DETAILS, DETAILS

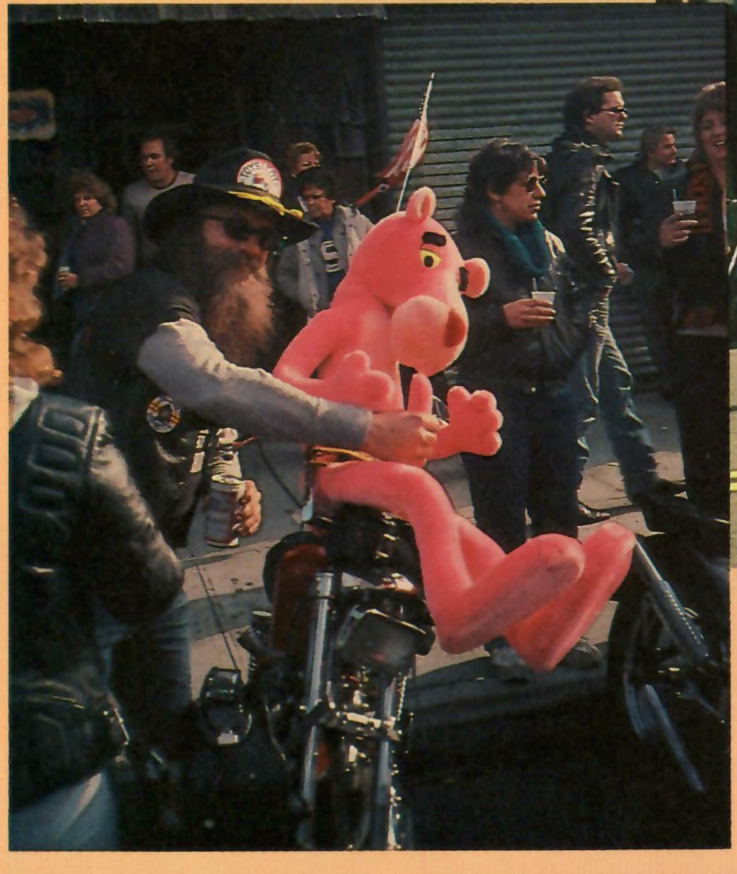
If you can remember our last issue then you'll definitely remember our righteous cover bike. When we said that Steve Minunni, who built that immaculate sled, was a busy dude, we weren't bullshittin. I stopped by the other day to take care of something on my own scooter and found that the bathroom in the back of his house just flat wasn't there any more. He scooped it out clean. I'm sure there's another one in there somewhere, but I didn't wanna ask.

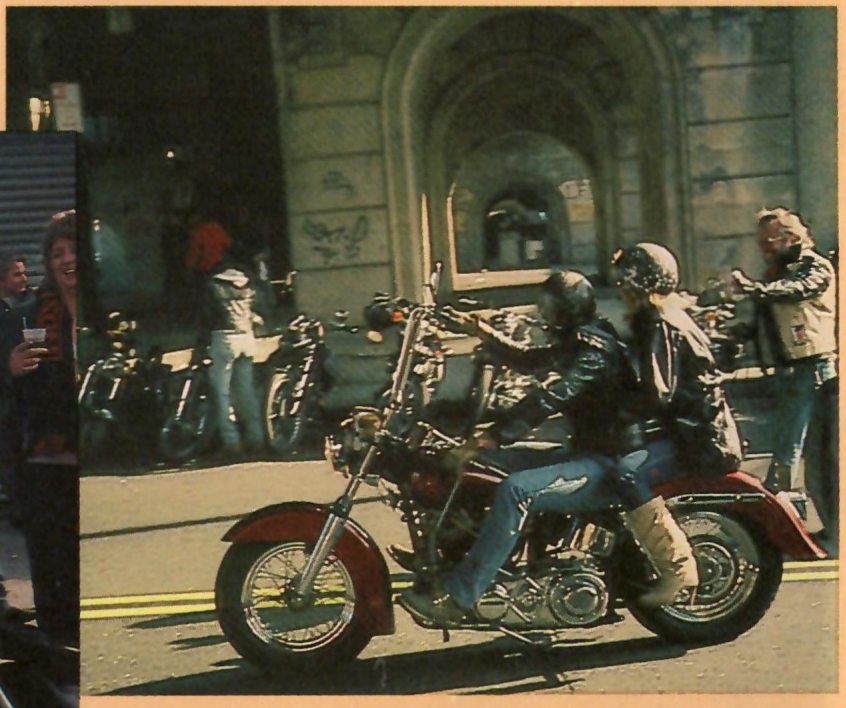
Besides building entirely puss scooters and shuffling rooms like some people shuffle cards, he carves slate, works leather, paints, and a whole lot of other shit. He made this wooden panhead many summers ago when he was in the Navy, at sea on general quarters.

Every time there was a drill he took his wood and his little tools with him and carved a new part. He started with the forks, then the front wheel, then the frame. He musta been on a long-ass voyage, because there was also a wooden van that the trailer was hitched to, but somebody stole it.

The trailer and scooter wheels turn and the forks pivot. All together, as you see it, the overall length is about twenty inches. It's a stone beautiful little artifact from an unstoppable dude.







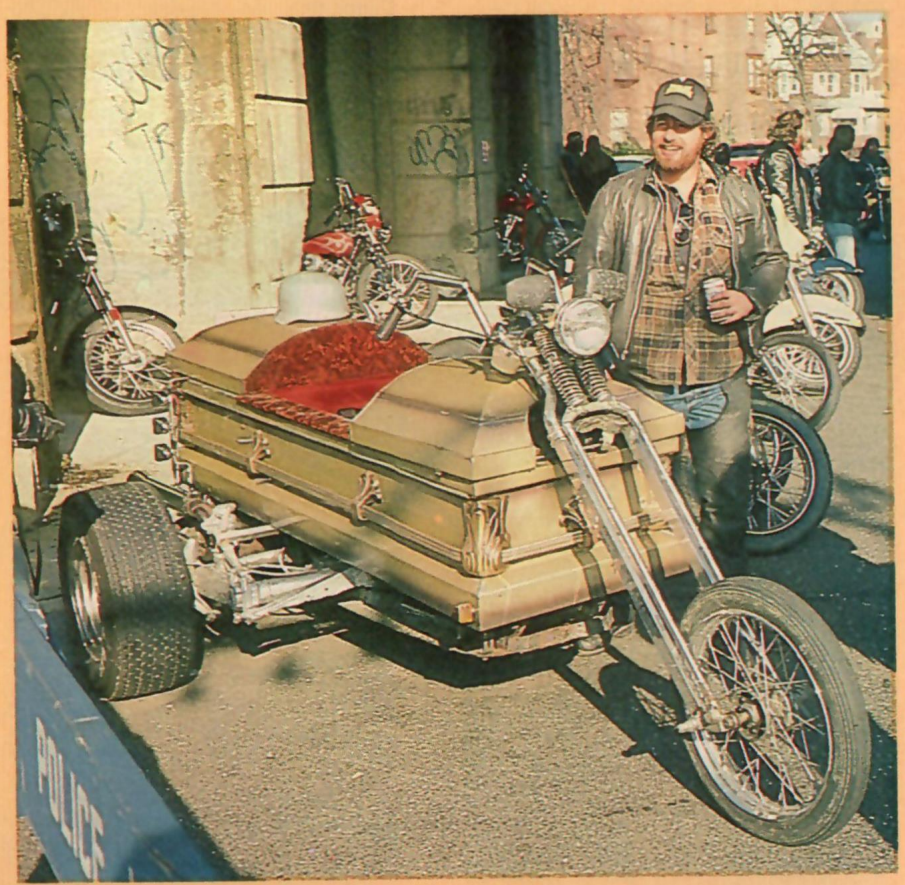
GOOD TIMES AT GLENN'S

The Sixth Annual Queens Toy Run

Photos & Story by Dumper

Yeah, yeah, I know, by the time you read this, it's gonna be late spring or early summer, and the last thing on your mind, as you're downin gallons of suds and humpin the old lady in the nice green grass, is gonna be last year's toy run. Well, fuck it bro, if ya listen real hard while ya check out these flicks of the righteous run held at Glenn's Tavern in Richmond Hill, Queens last Christmas, ya might hear the tinklin of sleigh bells, and the "Ho-ho-ho" of a Hog ridin Santa. Get into it, and if ncessary, toke on somthin that'll stimulate your imagination, and if that don't help, try dumpin an Icee on the ol lady's snatch.

Hell, anytime's the right time to remember the good times, especially if ya did somethin heartwarmin during the course of all the partyin and puttin. Thanks to Doc, Reb, Meat, Tony, Wayne, Jerry, and all the other bros who showed up at Glenn's (some 500 bikes made it) last December, a lot of kids at the Bernard Feinstein Developmental Center had a blast of a Christmas and the bikers had a helluva

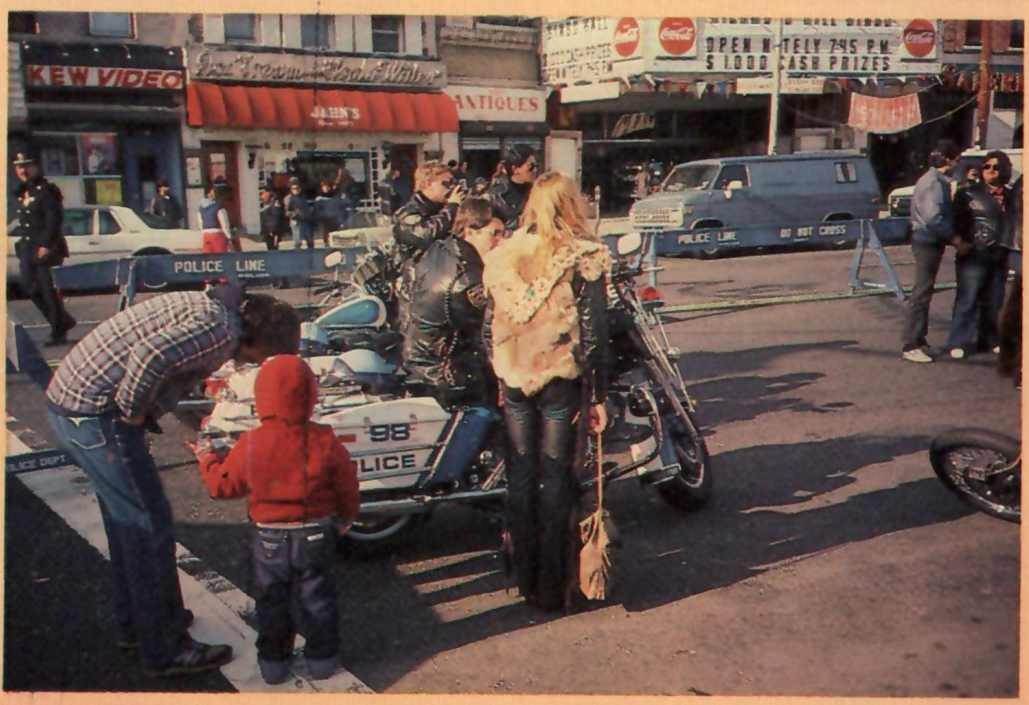


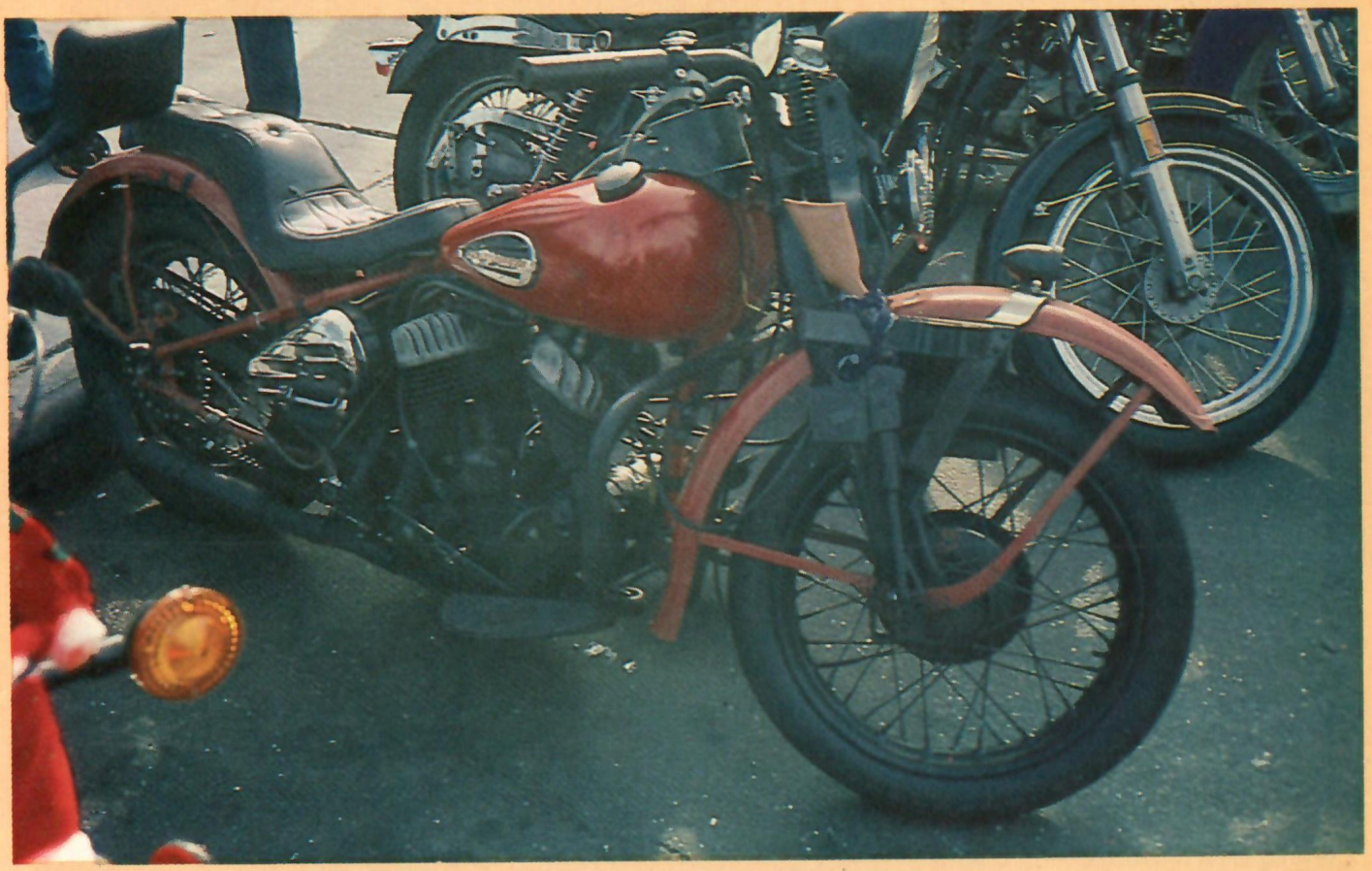
party. Upon returning to Glenn's, they found that Jack, the stand up proprietor of the bar had set up free eats, a live band, and brew by the keg full. The party lasted well into the night, showin that the New York bikers really know how to get into the Christmas spirit, givin it as well as gettin it, if ya catch my drift.

But it wasn't always that way. Doc, the founder of the run, wanted to "do somethin good" after spendin a year in the joint. He started the run at a place called the Alibi five years ago, and that first run was a far cry from the screamin success of last year's at Glenn's. For one thing, about 40 Harleys showed up — that's enough to party for sure — but they couldn't find anybody who was brave enough to take a truckload of shiny new toys from a bunch of "degenerate" Harley riders. They were told to go give em to the National Guard or the Marines, but the bros said "fuck that noise, we don't want some other outfit takin credit for our haul, we wanna hand it to the kids personally." So they searched for somebody who was more worried about the welfare of the kids rather than fretting about havin to say "thanks" to some bikers.

That's when Doc found that the Developmental Center folks weren't too proud or too chickenshit to take the bikers' gifts, and the rest is history. Fifty bikes showed up the next year, when the run moved to Glenn's after the Alibi closed down, and now the run is a full fledged institution and a balls out boogie. This last one was the best yet, and what makes it unusual is that no clubs are involved at all, just a lot of good Harley people gettin together for a cause. There's never any room for any kinda attitude problems, just the drinkin kinda problems.

If you're ever in the Big Apple, check out the good bros at Glenn's in Richmond Hill, they'll show ya a good time. □





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Snow
86

HASTY RETREAT

by Michael Lavin

Even though the approaching exit ramp led to small southern towns I'd never heard of, it seemed like a better idea than dodging those assholes on the Interstate during the evening rush-hour madness. The sky was clouding up anyway and I figured I'd better start looking for some place for me and the scoot to park for the night. After turning right at the next intersection, I found myself cruising down an unpaved country road. There weren't any stop signs at the corners, but I stopped at the next one anyway, it looked like a nice place to rest and catch a smoke.

The serenity was shattered by a loud crash that emanated from a rundown house set back a bit in the woods from the corner. It had a rusted pick-up sitting on crates in the front yard and a screen door on its dilapidated front porch that didn't have any screening in the top half.

The crash was followed by a female voice screaming obscenities and ending her tirade with the statement: "Get the fuck out." Two seconds later, the unscreened door swung open and a downright onery looking dude scrambled out, obviously in the process of making a hasty retreat. He didn't even see me as he took off on foot down the road, boots in hand and tail between his legs.

I was still laughing when a mousey looking broad started yelling at me from the porch. She must've seen me from the window and decided I was one of her ole man's cohorts. "Take that two-timing dirty dog with you," she screamed, "and tell him he ain't getting back in no more, EVER." She puctuated the sentence by throwing a 12 gauge to her shoulder.

It usually took just one kick to start my rat purring, but I was laughing so hard it took about six or seven kicks before the beast's motor finally caught. About 400 yards down the road I found the fugitive sitting on a fence, looking kinda lost. After I relayed his ole lady's message about him not having a roof to return to, he just smiled and said, "She'll get over it, she always does. My name's Tramp and I've got good credit at a tavern 'bout three miles down the road".

"I'm Frank", I responded, "and you'll have to give me directions." He climbed on behind me and we headed down the road.

The tavern, as Tramp called it, was nothing more than a shack with a small, straight bar and a beat up pool table. There were a couple of old wooden tables and chairs thrown around a jukebox in one corner. The bartender was maybe 50-60 pounds overweight, had a fringe of oilish gray hair around his mostly bald head, and had trouble breathing. He barely spoke, just wheezed around a small cigar that looked like it was permanently stuck between his tobacco-stained teeth.

I figured that after a couple of brews it wouldn't matter what the joint looked like. But Tramp's credit soon ran dry and my wallet was tapped out.

"Yeah, he said, "I need a fix too." He glanced over at two homely lookin chicks who had just walked in. One of them bought two brews at the bar and carried them back to the table.

"Look Tramp", I stated flatly, "I ain't had enough drinks to un-ugly them girls, and they can't be a day over seventeen anyway. That's jailbait."

"They got the cash we need for the next few rounds", Tramp countered. "And they might have a place for us to crash for the night, know what I mean?" His words were accented by a loud crash of thunder and the pings of raindrops hitting the windows.

I conceded, "Hope the blonde has a place to park my scoot," I said. It's a good thing my bros are out on the West Coast because if they saw what I was about to do for bed and beer, I'd never live it down.

"Evening ladies," I said walking over to their table. "What can I put on the record machine for you? The blond looked up and squealed "The Boss is on G-7 and G-8."

Oh well, I'd asked for it. While I slipped my last piece of change into the box, Tramp moved in next to the redhead. He made the introductions when I returned to the table. "This here's Daisy," he said as I sat down, "Blondy is Peggy Sue."

"Howdy Peggy Sue," I started fast. "Two pretty ladies like yourselves ought to know your way around here; Tramp and I could sure use some help. We got robbed at a crossing 'bout three miles back."

Tramp picked right up on the story. "Them boys took our money and damn near broke my legs," he said. "I wish I could get my hands on them chumps again." Peggy Sue stood up, "You boys got to calm down before someone gets hurt. What's done is done," she said. "Maybe a couple of beers will help."

After throwing a well concealed wink at Tramp I responded, "Thanks, Blondy, we sure could use one." When she came back from the bar—the fourth time—with a bottle of J.D. instead of beer, I knew it was time for a move. "Blondy, what if we all head down to your place before starting on the whisky," I said. *CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

"... if they saw what I was about to do for bed and beer, I'd never live it down."

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"That's a good idea, Fran," she said. "Me and Daisy lease a renovated barn right near here, it's real cozy. You give me a ride on that motorcycle and we'll meet Tramp and Daisy there. It's hardly any walk."

Fifteen minutes later I was drying off my scoot in the barn while the rest of them were pouring whisky, putting on music and getting naked. I soon joined them and was amazed to see that Peggy Sue had gotten better looking now that her clothes were off. After a couple of more drinks, she started really looking good.

Daisy and Tramp slipped off to one of the bedrooms, so we headed for the other. I figured to start out slow so I wouldn't scare Peggy Sue, but this girl blew my mind. She climbed on top and pumped, wiggled, clawed and ground on me for an hour and a half. When she finally snuggled up close and fell asleep I wasn't far behind.

After waking up alone to see the sunshine streaming in the window over the bed, I staggered out to the kitchen. There was a note on the table, "Gone to work, here's ten bucks for gas. My father usually stops by around 10:00 am so you better be gone. Thanks for last night," signed Peggy Sue.

The clock on the wall said 9:30, so I got dressed real fast. I pushed my scoot out into the crisp morning air and prepared to head back to the highway. Then I thought about Tramp, still asleep inside. As an act of mercy, I went back and woke him. I told him what the note said and pointed to the clock on the bedside table. He sat halfway up and began running his fingers through his hair.

As I made my exit, a pick-up truck was pulling into the short driveway. I stopped down the road a bit to watch what would happen. In a couple of seconds I could hear some crashing around in the house and then Tramp came flying out the door. He had his boots in his hand and his tail between his legs and damned if he didn't start running back down the road in the direction of his ole lady's house. A sawed-off guy in overalls came running out behind him with a shotgun screaming "Get the fuck out."

Tramp jumped on the back of my scoot and said, "Run me back over to my old lady's, man. If I'm gonna get chased out of someplace I'd rather it was somebody I know doin the chasin." □

WINTER INSIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

particular, just getting out for the weekend. He was crazy then; tomorrow, yesterday, a week from today, who gives a fuck? All that counted was right now.

They had met Blackjack at a gas and beer stop. Any man on a bike was his brother, and this good brother packed a couple of fifths of Cutty Sark in his bedroll. It made for fine sipping even in the heat of August, especially backed with cold beer, and the three had finally rolled into the pines, here, to camp for the night. It was a long many hours between parking and nightfall, filled with the gurgling of Cutty into his throat. Blackjack wasn't drinking as much, but he hadn't noticed. Susan, the panhead, the trees and the grass and the sky and the whiskey — what the hell did he care about anyone or anything else.

He finaly nodded out sitting on the grass, propped against the back tire of his bike, the empty bottle of Cutty beside him.

The scream woke him up, so loud and so motherfucking *familiar*. But the whiskey got in the way, and he wasn't sure if he'd really heard it or not. His eyes fought opening. There wasn't a second scream, and he began to fade back to sleep. Then he heard Susan scream his name *Jaaaaaack!* He lurched up, wavered, and fell, cursing the whiskey and himself. He rose again and staggered toward the open grass on the headland slamming his shoulder into a couple of trees on the way, fumbling for his pistol. The uneven ground and his heavy boots confused his feet.

When he emerged from the trees he saw, in the fading light, Blackjack kneeling over Susan, saw his fist rise and smash down on his wife's face saw her torn clothing, the world flashed red and he began to fire.

Blackjack shot back once to Jack's six. The once was enough. Blackjack's bullet found spine and shattered bone. He didn't find out until much later how bad his own aim had been. He'd hit Susan four times, Blackjack once for good, nothing once. They told him that in the hospital, as he lay there with his eyes half open, quiet as a snake, as if somehow his cold silence might make it all different. Silence became a way of life, a protective shell he could fasten around himself.

This part of the country is full of tough people, hill people, the kind who understand how you take care of a man who's trying to rape your wife, who are sympathetic to too much whiskey. Bad aim didn't sit too well with them; a flatlander's sin, bad aim. While they couldn't understand it or excuse it, they did find a way to overlook his pistol deficiency ... a green kid. And besides, you could see in his eyes that he was paying a higher price than they ever could have extracted from him.

He spent the hospital months locked in his silence, which the nurses and doctors came to respect. At least he didn't complain about the food or whine for pain medication. When he left, only the fat night nurse, the one who sat by his bed in the small hours when he was the only patient awake and talked angrily about her husband and his whore of a secretary, only she bothered to say goodbye. He hadn't answered.

And now, on the point in the bitter wind, he refused to answer even his own torn heart and fought down the scream of rage and pain that boiled in his chest. His silence, more than half a life of it now, would not let him speak even to this place.

Slowly he turned, the chair's wheels fighting for traction in the soft ground, and began to roll himself back toward the trees to where the trike was parked. □

PAVEMENT POUNDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

piece of heavy metal will pound the road into peanut butter.

It's not fast; max speed is about 43 miles an hour. But it weights in at 3,439 pounds (by contrast a 1987 Plymouth Sundance four-door has a curb weight of 2,494 pounds) and a lot of times, bigger is badder than fast. In bar fighting a lot of the baddest dudes I know are big and heavy and slow. But God help you if they grab hold of you. You could outrun 'em, or dance out of their reach as long as your legs hold out. Float like a goddam butterfly, whatever. One false move and the janitor will be sweeping up the grease spot that used to be your face.

Same goes for the Kettenkrad. One false move and you're fresh tread oil. I'm telling you, you could work off a case of the pisses faster on a Kettenkrad than you could on the speed bag.

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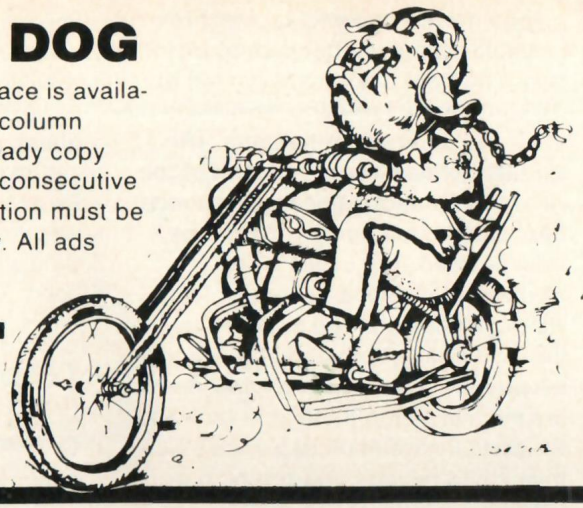

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masher, it was designed to haul a cannon behind it, and could handle a payload of 716 pounds including the crew. It was built for the krauts by NSU, with a 90.19 cubic-inch Opel in-line four engine, six forward speeds (three in high range and three in low) and two speeds in reverse. It runs on gas, with 6:1 compression, clutches with a single dry car-type disc, and gets almost 15 mpg on the road and ten off the road. It can ford to a depth of 17 inches, and its overall length is 118.1 inches. The steering is pretty much what it is on any double-tracked vehicle — brakes. A cam connected to the forks applies braking to the tracks relative to the amount of turning you do with the bars. This unit as shown here sports dead original paint, and is box-stock in all respects except that they hot wired it to get it running before they found the key.

This is Sarafan's second Kettenkrad. His first was mother-wasted, due to an excess of bullet holes, and he got it in

trade for a restored WLA Harley. Then something else happened, the details of which are hazy through all this smoke, and he offed the shot one and came out with this runner.

I have this feeling that the next time I get pissed off and go out beating on my flattie, I'm going to end up just a whisker more pissed because I don't have a Kettenkrad to steamroll the world with.

WR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

premier racing bike after the end of the war. At least until the OHC Nortons blew it out of the water in 1950. David had always had a soft spot in his heart for the gutsy old side valve hot rods, and through the years of dealing in antique Harley parts he put aside whatever WR parts that happened to pass through his hands. Although this WR isn't a stone stock restoration, it was built to David's exact specs and that's what counts.

The WR is what's called a "ball bearing" racer, that is, the roller pins in the motor have been replaced with ball bearings for less friction an thus, higher performance. The engine, rebuilt by David's good bro Gene Baron of Suffolk County Harley-Davidson out on Long Island, features a rellerized crank and cams as well as drilled and polished rods. Then there's the original Wico racing mag along with the milled and ported heads, and the double venturi Linkert carb all of which combine to produce a tight powerful engine capable of hitting 130 mph easy. It was 26 degrees when David rolled the WR out into th ecold sun and set about starting it up so we could hear Harley's 40 year old racing roar. Within six kicks the WR was racking off through the homemade baffles that were installed so that the WR could hit the streets with a minimum of hassle from John Law. Fortunately, they didn't baffle much and deep barking notes erupted from the motor as soon as the wick was turned. That immediate throttle response, sign of a true racer, had me pretty well disgusted with my old kafluffa Shovel but then who's head would't be turned by this black and turquoise beauty?

Other concessions to the 80s include the state-of-the-art Grimeca disc binders along with a front master cylinder from Performance Machine mounted on the left bar, a drag racing item. The front disc was mounted to the springer by bro Gino who made the axles and boomerang hangers. The excellent brakes keep David off of the vintage race tracks since vintage race rules dictate that dangerous drums must be used. The cases were modified to accept a generator and although you can't see it, David says there's a Phase Three belt drive under the primare cover. Rare original items like the five gallon hand shift tank and the cast aluminum oil bag were strictly from H-D's racing department, but unfortunately the racing tranny was so shot a stock WLA had to be used. It's still a screamer.

The WR has been up since the summer, but with David havin to scout out leads on Harley stashes in all those far off lands, he wasn't able to put more than ten miles on the cherry engine, and now with the coldass weather here he can only talk about ridin his baby in the spring. But then we should all be so lucky to have this scoot to think about all winter.

MOUTHING OFF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

ler chains with a sheet of canvas between them. The driver sits above and behind the engine with the gas tank between his knees, workin the foot clutch, hand shift, and steering the skis.

The basic configuration is exactly the same as a modern snow machine, and I guess it's some kind of pioneer. The idea is slightly old, though. somewhere in the shitbox I live in there's a picture of a Ford truck from the teens with skis instead of front wheels and a tag rear axle hung on as a second pulley for the treads. More weirdness from Vermont — some doctor up there was makin house calls in that beast before 1920.

The cork in this museum bottle, and the recipient of the Official Junkman Bad Plan award goes to the Indian-Enfield with the outrigger snow skis. These little rascals look like water skis hangin off the sides of the Enfield on a crashbar's cousins. The skis move up and back when you don't need 'em — which oughta be all the time, snow or no.

Imagine for a minute that you're tryin to putt along on your Indian-Enfield with skis out to both sides of the bike. In a straight line maybe she goes okay — a straight line on level ground. As soon as you try to turn, you'll find that the skis keep you from leanin and they aren't wide enough for trike-like stability, and basically, as near as the Junker can guess, ya fall on yer ass right quick.

The woman who runs the museum, Esta Monthos, said that the man who was designing for Indian-Enfield at that time was an idiot. I kinda nodded my head. She had said a true thing.

TEMPLE OF VROOM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

minimal amount of bullshit we proudly present our sequel to "The Raider of the Lost Hogs", ... "The Temple of VROOM!"

As ya can plainly see from the flix taken by Gypsy Rose, our ace roving scooter flicker, David still runs the same informal operation he did last summer. He still plans to get "computerized" but I'd kinda hate to see his compound get organized — I like explorin the seeming piles of rusted junk and coming across a treasure like a cop Knuckle from the 40's under a tarp with a mouse nest in the ancient saddlebags. That's what is so fuckin mid blowin about David's place: all of these Harley gems are just *there*, nonchalantly leaning against piles of junk, littering the floor or crammed haphazardly into milk crates. Stuff that any hardcore bro would give his left nut *and* his ol' lady for is everywhere you look and seein it all in such abundance makes it look like it was easy (scoutin it up.) But all of these goodies are merely the end result of years of following up false leads and just plain hard work. Prospecting for old Harley stashes is probably tougher than trackin down the Lost Dutchman's gold mine.

You'll probably notice that mixed in with all the iron jewels is a fleshy treasure named Melanie who accompanied the crew on our return trip to Spring Valley. Melanie was discovered at the Area party featured in issue #63 and her boundless enthusiasm for all things to do wth Harleys (including, heh-heh bike rag editors) make her a welcome addition to the expedition. She had to try out all of David's new toys like his funky Zundapp and the ass kickin Kettenkrad, and we were content to watch her play.

So feast your eyes bros, this is one sequel that lives up to the promise of the original. □

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PANHEAD ROYALE

Some Dreams Just Won't Die

Story by Top Hat
Photos by W.W.

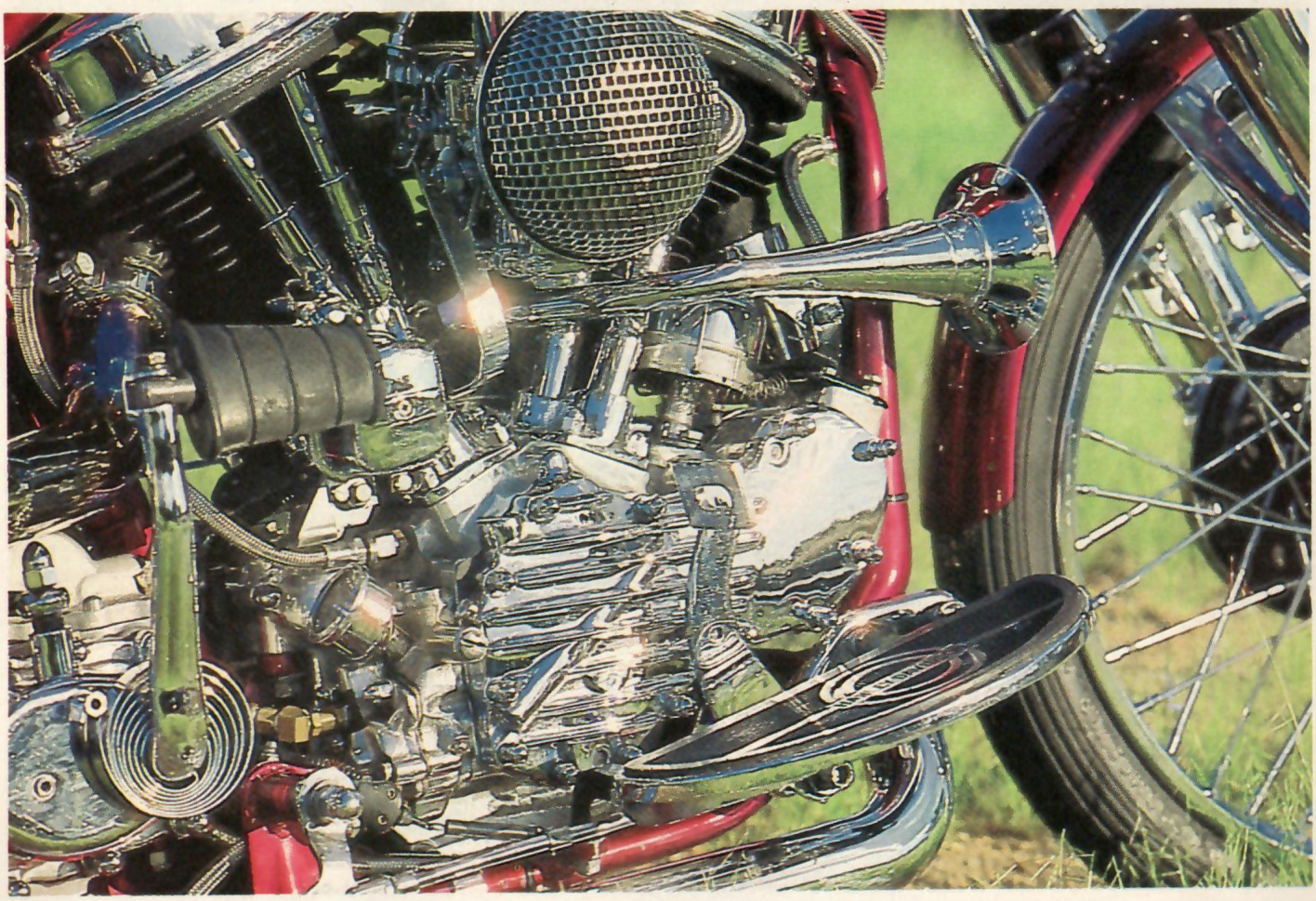
New York John ain't a shy individual, especially when it comes to talkin about his panhead. He lays it right down solid comin outa the gate: This pan is everything he ever wanted in a bike.

Everybody knows that the first step in gettin what ya want out of life is knowin what you're after. Right? Right. Four years ago and many miles back, when John bought this pan on Long Island, he already had his mind made up. And like I say he's a direct-speakin type, with ironclad ideas about what belongs where. The front end, for example. he says the front end looks nekkid without some parts — which is why the front fender and the salad-bowl headlight.

There's another little goodie throwin weight up toward the front, somethin you don't run across every day — check out the clutch option package he's got on there. John's partner Jeff Shorr (who gets special thanks) built it, and the feather-touch mousetrap can either be operated from the left grip like normal or by pullin back on the old shift handle. When he's just hustlin along somewhere it's straight from the bars, but come profilin time he puts a little cut in his strut with the shift handle. It's nothin short of an elegant set-up.

Since John has transplanted himself to Tucson, which tends to run a few licks warmer year round than Noo Yawk, he rides his pan every day. Like for most of us, sometimes it's smooth ridin and sometimes it ain't. About a month before these shots were taken John got busted on a run. The pan was impounded on a flatbed. On the way to the impound lot the flatbed got nailed by a semi — sending the bike on a sixty-foot hockey puck slide that ground the right side down pretty thoroughly.

No charges were filed against John. It seems that the cops were, ah, mistaken.



He and the guy they were lookin for missed resembling each other by a few inches in height, some pounds, hair color, eye color, name ... you know the story.

Among the worst losses in that incident was the tank mural — a chick on a warhorse holding a sword — a sort of before-the-battle picture, as John described it. Lookin around for a new mural subject, he found Pegasus on the cover of a notebook. A benign, sweet Pegasus. John meaned and toughed the image up.

While this is everything John wants in a bike, it doesn't necessarily follow that it's every bike he wants. He's got a few other Milwaukee critters in his personal zoo, including a '54 K model and a '73 shovel. The shovel engine has a fast-movin future in front of it as half of a dual-engined street-legal monster. That's dual 96-inch shovels, for a little late-night jap snacking. And if that ain't enough, he's plannin a '47 knuckle for his old Lady Bonnie, in the same clean style as this pan.

As for some rides bein harder than others, Lori Legz, who is the stone fox you see here, was badly injured not long after this shoot. The usual shit, a cager snapped a left in front of the bike she was packin on. Numbnuts "heard the bike but didn't see it," and you know the rules they drive by: when in doubt, pull out. Her foot got caught in the back wheel, and she's lookin down the barrel of a hell of a lot of reconstructive work and therapy.

Lori's tough. She said, "Well, it happens to the best of us."

Sometimes it only happens to the best of us. □

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

TECH SHEET

Owner: New York John
City: Tucson, Arizona

General
Fabrication by: Owner
Year and Make: 1949 H-D
Model: FL
Value: Don't ask
Assembly By: Owner
Chroming:

Engine
Year: 1949
Model: Panhead
Rebuilder: Creative Cycles, Tucson
Ignition: Points/coil
Displacement: 80 cu. in.
Lower End: H-D
Balancing: Creative Cycles
Pistons: Gary Bang
Cases: H-D
Heads: Rebuilt
Cams: Andrews J grind
Lifters: Stock
Carbs: SU Rivera
Air Cleaner: SU
Pipes: Upsweep fishtails
Mufflers: none

Frame
Year: 1949
Builder: H-D
Type: Rigid
Rake: None
Stretch: None
Other Alterations: Molded

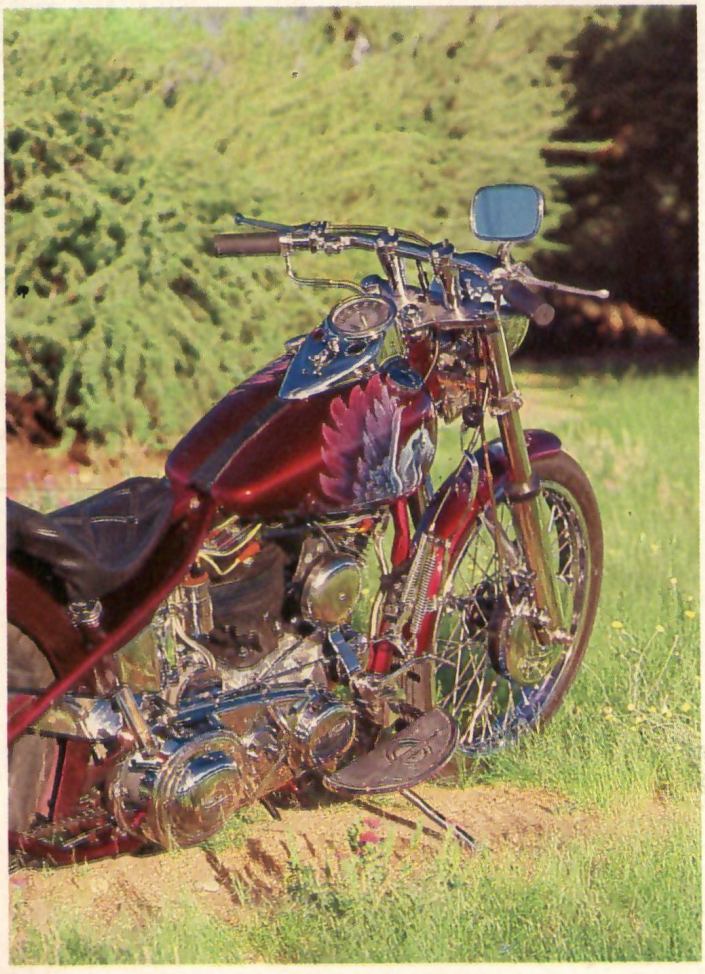
Tranny
Modifications: None
Year: 1949
Shifting: Foot

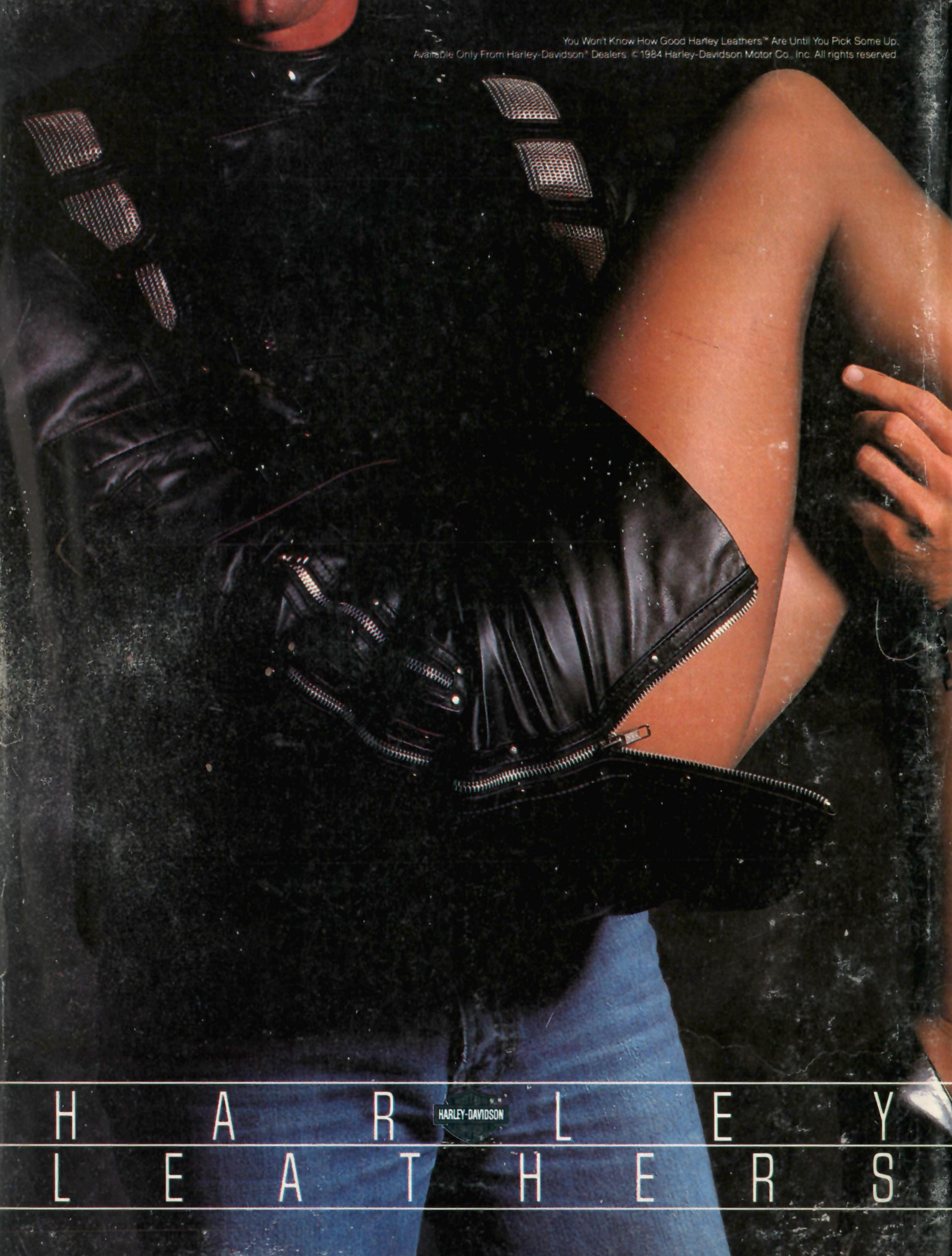
Accessories
Bars: Drag
Risers: Glide
Fenders: Rear bobbed, front aftermarket
Headlight: Large H-D
Taillight: Tombstone
Speedo: H-D
Front Pegs: Boards
Rear Pegs: Aftermarket
Electrics: 12 volt
Gas Tank: Stock fatbobs
Oil Tank: Wraparound
Oil System: Cooler custom made
Primary Cover: Original
Seat: Custom made

Painting
Molding: Owner
Painter: Thunder Road
Color: Candy Apple Purple
Type: Lacquer/polyurethane
Special Paint: By Mike McCright

Forks
Type: Wide Glide
Extension: 2"
Builder: Rebuilt by Creative Cycles
Special Features: Tubes by Frank

Wheels
Front Wheel: 21"
Rear Wheel: 16"
Front Hub: Star
Rear Hub: Star
Front Tire: Avon
Rear Tire: Dunlop
Front Brake: Drum
Rear Brake: Drum

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